THE

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AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

A Persian Tale.

Continued from page 10.

HAD it been for a wager of ten times the number of tomans that were in the till of Nadir, the sun and the sage could not have risen more punctually together. While the former, with its oblique rays, was gilding the turrets, the minerets, the triumphal arches, and all the variety of sublime objects which distinguished the imperial city of Ispahan, the latter, having taken his diurnal station, was, with the utmost composure, leaning over the balustrade before his shop; and while smoking a pipe of at least six feet long, contemplating the pavement of the bazar, on which nothing was to be discerned. It was not market-day, and consequently the pavement of the bazar was as smooth and unoccupied as a new shorn field.

When the sage had finished his pipe and his cogitations, which, whatsoever might have been their subject, terminated in wonder at what could have induced Tamira to sleep so much beyond her usual time, for now the gnomon of the dial cast its shade upon the figure indicating the seventh hour, and the trumpets from the minerets summoned him to prayers.

"Not accustomed to much indulgence," said Nadir, as he performed his ablutions, "poor Tamira is an instance that one gratification demands another; she feasted yesterday, she sleeps this morning."

Turning to the twelve hundred and thirty-first page of the Abridgment of the Philosopher of Zulpha's labours, we find that Nadir, who had shut his door, and hastened to the mosque, was mistaken in his conjectures respecting his housekeeper, for the vigilant Tamira had risen before either the sun or himself, and also that she had left the house. To conjecture where she was gone puzzled the sagacious apothecary at his return, and almost obliterated the remembrance of his quondam guest. All that he could rest upon was, that she, having some part of the toman left, had sallied forth to procure such necessaries as were wanted in the house.

Satisfied with this suggestion, he

breakfasted upon some of the vestiges of the preceding day's entertainment.

Some persons came in, either for medicine, or to have some trifling operations performed. The day advanced. The sun was fast ascending to its meridian height. The shade of the gnomon of the dial had considerably passed the eleventh hour. The apothecary had a few, and but a very few, visits to make; politeness demanded that he should call upon his guest. Tamira had, in his absence, been used to act as his deputy; she was not to be found: what was to be done in this dilemma?

While he was wearying himself with conjecture, a slave entered, and put into his hand a note. Nadir, thinking that it was a prescription, went behind the counter, put on his spectacles, and read,

"Abud requests immediately to see his neighbour Nadir."

"Ah!" said the apothecary, "here is another martyr to intemperance. However, it is fortunate that I can visit the man as *a patient* to whose house I was going as a friend. Repletion," he continued, as he swallowed a piece of melon and three or four cakes, "is what destroys us all. Well might the Arabian physician write the Golden Book of Abstinence. Well might the sages of Delhi recommend rice and water to the municipality of that luxurious city."

Nadir desired the slave to look to his shop while he waited upon his master, put a few medicines under his caftan, and sallied forth.

The house of Abud was in the north angle of the Meydan. "The illness of the master of this mansion," said he, as he entered, "seems to have had but little effect on his slaves, for I think that I never discerned them more cheerful. Where is my friend Abud? In bed, I suppose," he continued.

"In bed," replied one of the attendants, "at noon! My master has been up these six hours."

"Ah!" said the apothecary, "I know that it is impossible to rest in his disorder. Show me to him. Health to my good neighbour; I guess why you sent for me."

"Do you?" returned Abud; "then you are one of the best guessers in Ispahan."

"You sent for me," said Nadir, "in consequence of what happened yesterday."

"So I did."

"I know that," he continued; "entertainments of that kind are pleasant, but wrong. Temperance, which is with mussulmans a religious duty, cannot be too strictly enforced. How were you taken?"

"Taken!" said Abud.

"Yes," said the apothecary, "yes; disordered stomach; the head affected; eructations; wind; bile; feverish symptoms. Now I will tell you what I will do for you. In the first place, I have brought an emetic."

"An emetic!" cried Abud.

"Yes! I have compressed it into as small a compass as possible: only a six ounce vial. When this has operated, you shall go to bed."

"To bed!"

"Yes! I shall then administer these powders. After that——"

"After that," said Abud, "you will probably have nothing to do but to *lay me out*. Are you distracted, neighbour Nadir? Who told you that I was ill?"

"Yourself! Did you not inform me so in your note? Who sends for an apothecary when in health? Did you not allow that I had guessed at your disorder? Are not the symptoms visible enough; that kind of wandering, fluctuating imbecility of mind which the vulgar term light-headedness, and the learned——"

"Hold! hold!" cried Abud; "if either the vulgar or the learned say that I am sick or light-headed, nay, was the great Eleazer and the whole college of Ispahan to concur, I would affirm and prove, that they were equally fools and blockheads. What should make me ill?"

"What made Gehan Gaur fall from his throne?" returned Nadir;

"excess of eating and drinking: I was fearful that you had been taken in the same way."

"Have no fear upon my account, my good friend Nadir: I must have been *light-headed* indeed if I had sent for you for any purpose but to converse with you."

"And yet," said Nadir, "this emetic is one of the finest and *pleasantest* things in the world."

"Well, then," replied Abud, "let me advise you to take it yourself. But before you swallow the dose, answer me one question, for fear you should not be able to do it after: have you seen your old woman this morning?"

"No!"

"Nor my young guest, the faquir?"

"No!"

"Nor heard of them, or either of them?"

"No! no! no!" said the apothecary, as he whipered to himself, "I must treat my friend with great tenderness and respect, as he seems to be thoroughly delirious."

"Have you not seen Tamira?" repeated Abud, raising his voice.

"I have not seen her this morning," returned Nadir; "she, I believe, left my house before daybreak."

"Nor the faquir?"

"I have not positively seen him at all. I told you so before; but I do not wonder if in your state of mind——I wish you would take my emetic."

"May Astoreth take your emetic!" exclaimed Abud; "though I question if even his constitution would bear it. Listen to me, neighbour Nadir."

"I do, my dear friend, with respect and reverence. Your discourse begins to be *deep*. It will soon become oraculous."

"Whatsoever you may think of my discourse, whether it be *deep* or *shallow*, you may depend upon it they have eloped together."

"Who?" cried Nadir.

"Why, the old woman and the young faquir?"

"Who?" repeated Nadir.

"Genius of incredulity, Hosen the second!" cried Abud, in a rage, "I affirm that Tamira and Ismael have eloped together!"

"Poor Abud! I now see how it is," said the apothecary. Ah! I wish you would take my emetic."

"Confound your emetic!" cried Abud; "pour it into Tartarus, or the Sulphur Lake, or down the red dragon's throat! Are you a sceptic? Will you not believe what I assert?"

"Figuratively I will," said Nadir, "and shall deduce a good moral from it. It is like the story of the prophetess Nuna's (who had lived from the beginning of time) disappearance all at once with the shepherd Cara, who had not existed twenty years; therefore in your own way tell me how the elopement was effected."

"Early this morning," returned Abud, "your old woman, whom, from a boy, I never liked——"

"I am glad of it! or you might have eloped with her," said Nadir.

"Came to my house," continued Abud. "My slaves inform me, that she wished to see the young faquir."

"So!" said Nadir.

"After waiting some time, and much altercation, she prevailed upon one of them to show her to the door of his chamber. She knocked; some conversation passed betwixt them; at length she gained admittance."

"What! into his chamber?" cried Nadir.

"Yes!"

"No!" said the apothecary, "it is impossible!"

"I tell you it is true." Nadir shook his head. Abud continued: "How long they were together no one can tell. When I rose, I went to pay my respects to my guest; the door was wide open, the chamber empty, the birds flown."

"One of them is too old to fly very far," said Nadir. "And so, friend Abud, you believe this story?"

"I know it to be fact!"

"Poor Abud!" continued Nadir;

"I question if even the green powder which bears the seal of Solomon would repress this delirium."

"You are still incredulous," said Abud.

"Not at all," said the apothecary, "with respect to your disorder. Fruit has been known to affect the head; and I observed that you yesterday ate a great deal of fruit. But to suppose that the reverend father Ismael and the beautiful virgin Tamira have eloped together, would stagger the credulity of the great Zaid, who has framed a ladder ascending to the moon, and in that planet peopled a hypothetical world."

"Yet," said Abud, "nothing is more certain. The young faquir is not here."

"True!" returned Nadir; "but he has made a vow of chastity, which he will not break, at least with my old woman."

"Nor is Tamira there?"

"Where?" cried the apothecary.

"At your house," continued Abud.

"Indeed she is," said a slave, who had been sent to seek this couple; "I found her in the shop of the learned Nadir."

"I have no doubt but you did," said the apothecary. "Was she alone?"

"Yes."

"I told you so, friend Abud."

"Where, then," cried Abud, "is the faquir?"

"In his own chamber," replied the slave.

"What! in this house?"

"Yes."

"I told you so," said Nadir; "eloped indeed! Poor Abud! Now let me persuade you to take my emetic."

"May the black angel take it! I will develope these deeds of darkness! I will discover the truth!" exclaimed Abud, as he rushed out of the apartment.

"My friend," said Nadir, as he followed him, "proceeds to the discovery of truth as intemperately as any philosopher in the Persian empire."

The slave had most truly stated that Tamira was at the house of Nadir. She had returned soon after he went to wait upon Abud; and, dismissing the youth that he had left in possession, had arranged every domestic matter, had laid the table, and, from the remains of the preceding day, with a small addition, had prepared him a meal which would have provoked an appetite less keen than that of Nadir when he returned from visiting his friend and his few patients.

His bamboo sopha and cushion were placed ready to receive him. Tamira presented him water; he performed his ablution, ate his dinner, during the course of which he observed a most profound silence. As nothing could be more disagreeable to this ancient matron than to be curtailed of those opportunities to speak at meal times, which indeed Nadir generally afforded her, she concluded that he was angry, and had just began to hesitate an apology, when Ismael entered. "You see, son Nadir," said the young faquir, "that I have soon returned your visit, through my desire to see you where I could speak with more freedom than in the presence of Abud, who, though he is not deficient in hospitality, seems rather of a suspicious temper."

"And when he has taken up an opinion, obstinate to a degree," said Tamira. "I am sure," she continued, "my master knows that it is impossible to persuade him even for his good."

"I had a proof of this to-day," cried Nadir; "for all I could do, he would not take my emetic."

"He ought to have taken all the emetics in your shop," said Ismael, "rather than have seemed to doubt the skill of the learned Nadir, the light of physic, the phosphorus of philosophy. But to have done at once with him, I have determined to leave his house, and have ordered my baggage to yours."

"That," returned the apothecary, "was not an order that could give much trouble to any one; for if I recollect right, all your property,

you said, was personal, and your whole baggage enclosed in your purse. That, I will own, contained a mine of riches. However, the objection I stated yesterday remains to-day in as full force: I have no accommodation."

"None?" said the faquir.

"It is true," continued the apothecary, "that I have two large chambers, but they are empty, and have been so for years: the worms and I were employed in the same way, that is, in turning different sorts of wood into powder; only they rendered all the furniture of my ancestors impalpable without the aid of a pestle and mortar. I hope by this time they have made no *scruple* to *take* every *grain* of it."

"You are certain that these apartments are empty?" said Ismael.

"Unless the genii of Aladin have furnished them," returned the apothecary.

"Well! indulge me with a sight of them."

"'Tis an indulgence which I have not afforded myself these many years," said Nadir, as he ushered up Ismael, followed by the old woman. "You might," he continued, "as easily open the gate of the iron sepulchre of Sergius, whose tomb was secured under more stones than went to the building of the column in the Aurat Bazar at Constantinople, for fear it should take a flight into Midair, like that of our holy prophet. Ha! how is this? the key turns with great ease!" he cried, as the door flew open, and discovered an apartment which, though plainly, was handsomely furnished. The astonishment of Nadir deprived him of speech, as he crossed this and went into the interior room, in which he found a bed, and all the conveniences of a chamber, and every thing perfectly new and neat. "How was this change effected?" he at length exclaimed. "The genii of the lamp have certainly been here?"

"You should rather say, the genii of the mine, son Nadir," said the faquir, "or the genii of your house. The change which you observe in these apartments has been effected by the ingenuity of Tamira aided by the talismanic influence of a certain number of tomans. Every thing may be had for money in Ispahan."

"Then this was the business," returned Nadir, "that you and Tamira were engaged in this morning, when the sagacious Abud said that you had eloped."

"Certainly!"

"What do you propose by this expence?"

"I have already told you, most wise Nadir!" said Ismael, "that I came from the neighbourhood of Golconda, but I did not add that I am a native of the capital of that kingdom. Your sagacity suggested to you yesterday, that this robe, in which I appear as a faquir, is a disguise assumed for some particular purpose: in fact, it is so; I have flown from the house of my father."

"Who is your father?"

"One of the richest persons in Golconda."

"Probably a diamond merchant?"

"How near the truth your wisdom points," continued Ismael: "he has indeed in his possession the finest diamonds in the world."

"I dare say," cried Nadir, "that he is the person whom black Absalom, the rich Jew, who furnishes our sovereign lord the sophy with these brilliant articles, deals with. What is his name?"

"Pardon me, learned Nadir," said Ismael; "as I wish my person, so do I wish his name to be concealed: a difference respecting some family arrangements induced him to leave his house. The money which I possess, and the jewels far more valuable, are my own property; they came to me in right of my mother. I have endeavoured to preserve the utmost rectitude in my conduct; and although I have made this unfortunate lapse in my duty to him, I was actuated by imperious necessity."

"How did you travel?" said Nadir.

"The greater part of the way upon a camel."

"Belonging to whom?"

"A band of mahometan faquirs, whom I joined soon after I left my home."

"And the purpose of your journey?"

"That," continued Ismael, "it is impossible correctly to state. Perhaps it will develope itself. I have only to desire that you will suffer me to reside here as long as my occasions call."

"To this request," said Nadir, "I can have no objection. You are young, have been educated with care, perhaps are the darling of a father who now laments your absence. You are unprotected; and although you do not want understanding, unacquainted with the ways of the world in general, and of this city in particular. I certainly feel myself inclined to become your protector and adviser, as far as my little influence or wisdom extends; therefore I expect you should answer me one question with candour and sincerity."

"As sincere and candid as I would to the harbinger of our prophet will I answer you, oh Nadir!" returned Ismael.

"Did you elope alone?"

"Certainly! Whom do you suppose I should have taken with me?"

"A younger lady than you was suspected with this day," said Nadir.

"No lady, young or old, accompanied me, I give you my solemn word," said Ismael.

"I am sorry Abud, whom I have known from a child, should have such an opinion of me," said Tamira; "I never deserved it!"

"No! I'll be sworn you did not," replied Nadir; "and he is the only man in the dominions of the sophy that would have suspected it. However, I can only deduce the disorder of his intellect which produced this suspicion from repletion, and aver, that its continuance in it arises from his obstinacy in refusing to take my emetic."

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ADVICE.

To the Editor, &c.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
POPE.

SIR,

"THERE is nothing (says the Spectator) we receive with so much reluctance as *advice*. We look upon the man that gives it as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or ideots."

We find ourselves deficient in any thing else sooner than in our understanding. The reason is plain: it is this alone by which we judge of other things; if, therefore, this is faulty, it is no wonder if it makes a wrong judgment, and obliges us to pass too favourable an opinion on ourselves and actions. Hence it is that the most ignorant are most conceited, and most impatient of *advice*, as unable to discern either their own folly or the wisdom of others. A certain degree of intelligence is requisite to a man, to be able to know that he knows not as much as he should. Possibly they may not be altogether in the wrong who reckon it a happiness to some people to be so much in love with themselves, as not to be convinced of their own ignorance; but, if it is a happiness, it is a happiness no ways superior to that of a brute: for I cannot conceive man in a more unhappy circumstance, than to have neither an ability to give or take instruction. But as nature has made some men capable of improvement by the good *advice* which is given them, fortune seems to have so posted others, as to make it hardly possible that they should have any given them at all. Thus it is with those who are surrounded with a crowd of flatterers, who, under a false pretence of friendship, encourage them in all their vices and extravagancies. For this reason,

great persons used formerly to keep jesters, from whom they might hear their own characters, and receive hints for the better regulating their conduct, without disssimulation, flattery, or any other disguise, than that of *wit*, which served to gild the bitter pill, that it might be the more easily taken. Indeed, few things require more discretion, nicety, and good-breeding, than the telling a man of his faults, and giving him advice. The first rule, and which can never too often be inculcated on this occasion, is so to order it, that the person advised may see the *advice* is given him for his own sake, and not to gratify the ill-humour, or show the superior understanding of the adviser; and, as Cicero says, *Monitio acerbitate, objurgatio contumelia careat.*

No one hears of his faults without some concern or uneasiness. While *Demea* tutors and admonishes us, we can scarce forbear affronting him, and are so angry at his reproofs, that they even give us a sort of an aversion to his person. When *Micio* shows us he is sorry for our failings, and that he cannot help differing from us in his notion of things, we love him, and are only vexed and enraged at ourselves. *Micio* considers how hardly we bear a superiority in understanding, and therefore introduces his counsel by the most obliging and artful expressions. "I remember, sir (says *Micio*), I once acted myself upon the same principles you do, but went far greater lengths than you have done." *Demea* assures you, he should have been frightened at himself, could he ever have thought after so monstrous a manner as he finds you do, and is amazed how such notions could enter into the head of a man of common sense. *Micio* knows that we have a natural desire to be happy, but are not easily convinced, that what is against our present inclinations can never conduce to make us so. A great deal of conversation with people of the most opposite humours and inclinations, has not only taught him to know mankind thoroughly, but to pardon their several follies. *Demea* has gathered his wisdom chiefly out of books; he has collected together the sayings and actions of the greatest philosophers, and wisest men in all ages; and his own judgment having pronounced them just and reasonable, he has formed several maxims which he looks upon to be so self-evident in themselves, that he will hardly condescend to give reasons for them; and is resolved never to break through upon any occasion: in short, *Micio*, though he has a just dislike of their faults, cannot help pitying the weak and the vicious. *Demea* is so enraged at the least appearance of vice or folly, that he can hardly keep up the common rules of decency and good breeding towards the person of the offender.

For where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd or blindly right?
Though learn'd, well-bred: and though well-bred, sincere?
Modestly bold, and humanly severe?
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind?
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride,
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

If it requires so much discretion and good sense to reprove for errors already committed, it requires little less to caution against such as we would have people to avoid. When I say this, I have my eye more particularly upon such persons as are intrusted with the education of youth. It is no uncommon thing to see parents, with more care than discretion, contribute to the ruin of

their children, by continually cautioning them against vices they might otherwise, perhaps, have never thought of. This method is like burning of books by the common hangman, and prohibiting of certain goods, which only makes them more courted and esteemed. But I shall conclude with a story out of *Montaigne's* Essays.

"My daughter (says the author), the only child I have, is now of an age that forward young women are allowed to be married at. She is of a soft, tender complexion, and has accordingly been brought up by her mother after a private and particular manner, so that she but now begins to be weaned from her childish simplicity. She was one day reading before me in a French book, where she happened to meet with a word of a very harmless and indifferent meaning, but that bore some small resemblance to another word not altogether so innocent. The woman to whose conduct she is committed stop her short a little rudely, and ordered her to skip over that ugly word. I let her alone, not to trouble their rules, for I never concern myself in that sort of government. The feminine policy has a sort of mysterious proceeding in it, and we ought to leave entirely to themselves; though, if I am not mistaken, the conversation of twenty lacquies, could not, in six months' time, have so firmly imprinted in her fancy the full meaning of these smutty syllables, as this old woman did by her reprimand and interdiction."

HILLARIO.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE CELEBRATED BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE was born at Woerhout, near Leyden, in the year 1668. This great physician has given us the Institutes of Medicine, which he wrote for the instruction of his pupils; Aphorisms upon the Knowledge and Cure of Disorders: he may be stiled the Euclid of physicians, and these the elements of chemistry. This last work is considered as the masterpiece of this illustrious man, who has published several other useful treatises.

From the time of the learned Hippocrates, no physician has more justly merited the esteem of his contemporaries, and the thanks of posterity, than Boerhaave. He united to an uncommon genius, &c. extraordinary talents, the qualities of the heart, which give them so great a value to society. He is painted to us above the middle size, and well proportioned, of a strong, robust constitution. He made a decent, simple, and venerable appearance, particularly when age had changed the colour of his hair; in a word, he greatly resembled the picture that is given us of Socrates; he had the same features, but they were softened, and more engaging. He was an eloquent orator, and declaimed with dignity and grace. He taught very methodically, and with great precision; he never tired his auditors, but they always regretted that his discourses were finished. He would sometimes give them a lively turn with raillery; but his raillery was refined and ingenious, and it enlivened the subject he treated of, without carrying with it any thing severe or satirical. A declared foe to all excess, he considered decent mirth as the salt of life. Morning and evening he consecrated to study: he gave the public part of the time which intervened; the rest was for his friends and his amusement. When health would permit, he regularly rode on horseback; when his strength began to fail him, he walked on foot; and, upon his return home, music, of which he was passionately fond, made the hours of relaxation glide agreeably away, and enabled him to return to his labours with redoubled alacrity.

Boerhaave, at the age of fifteen, found himself without parents, pro-

tection, advice, or fortune. He had already studied theology, and the other ecclesiastical sciences, with the design of devoting himself to a clerical life; but the science of nature, which equally engaged his attention, soon engrossed his whole time. He practised physic, after being received doctor in that science, in 1693. This illustrious physician, whose name afterwards spread throughout the world, and who left at his death above 200,000l. sterling, could, at that time, barely live by his labours, and was compelled to teach the mathematics to obtain necessaries. His merits being at length discovered, many powerful friends patronized him, and procured him three valuable employments; the first was that of professor of medicine in the university of Leyden; the second that of professor of chemistry; and, thirdly, that of professor of botany. The academy of sciences at Paris, and the royal society at London, invited him to become one of their members. He communicated to each his discoveries in chemistry. The city of Leyden became, in his time, the school of Europe for this science, as well as medicine and botany. All the princes of Europe sent him disciples, who found in this skilful professor, not only an indefatigable teacher, but even a tender father, who encouraged them to pursue their labours, consoled them in their afflictions, and solaced them in their wants.

When Peter the great went to Holland in 1715, to instruct himself in maritime affairs, he also attended Boerhaave to receive his lessons.

His reputation was spread as far as China: a mandarine wrote to him with this inscription, *To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe;* and the letter came regularly to him.

The city of Leyden have raised a monument in the church of St. Peter to the salutary genius of Boerhaave, *Salutifero Boerhaavii genio sacrum.* It consists of an urn upon a pedestal of black marble; six heads, four of which represent the four ages of life, and two the sciences in which Boerhaave excelled, form a group issuing between the urn and its supporters. The capital of this basis is decorated with a drapery of white marble, in which the artist has shewn the different emblems of disorders and their remedies. Above, upon the surface of the pedestal, is the medallion of Boerhaave; at the extremity of the frame, a ribbon displays the favourite motto of this learned man: *Simplex sigillum veri,* Truth unarrayed.

Boerhaave, after passing a useful and agreeable life, departed this world in the year 1738, aged sixty-nine, sincerely lamented by his friends, regretted by the worthy and the good, and revered by the great and the learned.

For the Literary Magazine.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

" And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest!"

CRIED MITIO, as he was walking one evening, and gazing on the placid countenance of the moon, in her utmost splendour. Thus he continued: " Retired from company, wearied with the insipid trifling, the noisy jars, and the confused bustle of the inhabitants of this terraqueous and wretched settlement, I address myself to thee, and would fain hold converse with some modest intelligent being of thine unknown regions. I would ask him, if he be afflicted with the cries of age in penury, and of childhood in distress, soliciting the morsel from the hand of insatiate avarice? If, in any corner of his abode, the sons of anguish in tenements of wretchedness let fall the tear, unnoticed and unknown? If he were ever an unhappy witness to a parent's tears over an abandoned child; to a wretched profligate's cursing the grey hairs of his vene-

rable sire; to a dissipated husband's raising a hideous storm amidst his peaceful family, and driving them, by extravagance, to despair, wretchedness, and death? If he knew aught of traffic; its cares, its frauds, its disappointments, and its dangers? If he ever saw a being formed for immortality toiling from morn till eve, from year to year, from youth to age, to call a little clay and a thousand cares his own? I would ask him, if, in his orb, thousands of beings are formed in fierce battalions, each one armed with an instrument of death; disciplined in savage manners; nursed in all the brutal vices; led to the field of slaughter; aiming the deadly weapon at the vitals of an unknown company of his fellow-creatures; expiring amidst the rage of murderous anger? If he has ever seen the worshippers of the Deity, in his world, pursue each other with infernal rancour, lighting up fires round the bodies of the conscientious, and pursuing them with anathemas and the terrors of civil justice, for a difference of sentiment on the mode of exercising their religious services? If he hath ever seen the felons' den the gloomy gibbet, and the wretched exit of ignorance and vice? If he ever saw the savage murderer leap from the thicket, and embrue his hands in the blood of the lonely, unsuspecting, unoffending traveller? The child taking away the life of the father; the mother butchering her child? If he ever visited a slave ship, or the regions of an inquisition? If he hath ever seen the sons of riot in their midnight revels, disease and death their companions? If he hath ever felt jealousy, ambition, envy, anger, distrust, or terror, disturbing his bosom? If he be haunted with the fear of death? Or, if his orb be free from all these evils? If peace and plenty, the calm of innocence, the joys of health, the social ties of friendship, the sacred bliss of fond affection, prevail in all the circuit of his tranquil world?

Happy! happy inhabitants! when shall I feel your pleasures, and be released from all the ills and all the crimes which stain our mother earth?"

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON COMETS.

Written in 1756.

THE Newtonian philosophy and the observations of modern astronomers have given sufficient reason to conclude that comets are not only solid and durable bodies, but also revolve round the sun in very eccentric ellipses, and, consequently, return within our system, and become visible to us at stated and regular periods. Yet what those precise periods are, has been determined only as to three of them, with any great degree of probability, viz., the comet which appeared last in the year 1680, and is expected again about the year 2255; that which appeared in 1661, and is expected in 1789; and that which appeared in 1682, and is expected in 1758.

The first of these, that in 1680, was the comet which, more than any other, both acquired the most astonishing degree of heat by its amazing approximation to the sun, and threatened the earth with the nearest appulse. This was so near the sun at its perihelion, that its distance from his surface was but a sixth part of the diameter of the sun's body, and therefore the heat it then received was twenty-eight thousand times greater than that of summer, or two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron. Its least distance from the annual orbit of the earth was, according to Dr. Halley's computation, no more than one semi-diameter of the sun, or about the radius of the lunar orbit; and, consequently, if our globe had been in one particular part of its path, the comet might have been as near us as the moon. Upon examination

of the orbit of this comet, it was found so very eccentric, that a revolution through it must require more than 500 years to complete it. Mention is made in history of the appearance of a similar comet, first at the death of Julius Cæsar and the celebration of the games by Augustus to his honour, and at two several times afterwards; each appearance at the distance 575 years from the preceding. And a computation of the motion of this comet in an orbit which would require that number of years for it to revolve in, was found to agree very well with the actual observations which were made of it. Its period therefore is fixed, by Dr. Halley, Mr. Whiston, &c., at 575 years; and its return is expected, with great probability, about the year 2255.

The second comet, whose period is supposed to be known, is that which appeared in the year 1661, and which seems to be the same with that which was seen before in 1532; but the observations of it then are scarce exact enough to allow this to be determined with certainty. However, if this conjecture be right, the period of this comet will be about 129 years, and its next return about the year 1789.

The third comet, and that whose appearance is soonest to be expected, is that which was seen last in the year 1682. There is great reason to imagine this the same with that which appeared first in 1456, though not then observed by any astronomically, and which was afterwards taken more exact notice of in 1531, 1607, and especially 1682. Every thing relating to the comets seen in these several years agree, excepting the little inequality of the intervals, which, however, as Dr. Halley observes, is no more than may be well accounted for by physical causes; as, for instance, by the disturbances the comet may have received in its orbit from its approach to other heavenly bodies, such things having been certainly known to happen with regard to the planet Saturn, and the much greater eccentricity of the ellipses of comets undoubtedly making these liable to more considerable irregularities. The small difference, therefore, in the intervals of the years mentioned already, is by no means a sufficient objection against supposing it to be the same comet which was seen in all of them. Its period will, consequently, be about 75 or 76 years, and its next return about the year 1758. This comet is far from being in any particular degree threatening or dangerous to our globe (if, indeed, any comets at all are so), because this is not among those which either receive the greatest heat from the sun, or approach nearest to the orbit of the earth.

If these comets should appear again at the periods they are expected, it is easy to see what a confirmation it will be of the truth of the Newtonian philosophy relating to them: but, on the other hand, if any of them should not do so, it will by no means be sufficient to overthrow it, since it cannot be imagined that they should preserve the same regularity in their periods as the planets; because, as I have intimated already, the eccentricity of their orbits must necessarily expose them to greater alterations from the heavenly bodies they may meet with in their course. Dr. Halley particularly observes, about the comet in 1682, which is supposed to be the soonest to revisit us, that a very little increase of its velocity may even occasion a change in its orbit from an ellipsis to a parabola, the consequence of which will be, that it can never return to us at all. The mere failure, therefore, of the reappearance of this or any other comet must not be considered as confuting a theory built upon the same solid foundations as the theory of the planets, answering with wonderful accuracy the observations of astronomers, and accounting for them by the best established physical causes.

In regard to what may probably be the effects of comets, or the uses for which they are designed by the Supreme Creator and Preserver of

the Universe; however generally they have been apprehended the causes or forerunners of evil, there are not wanting philosophers, and those among the best and most religious ones, who appear to consider them rather as instruments of the beneficence of the Deity. This seems particularly to be the opinion of sir Isaac Newton. He conjectures, that the tails of comets are intended to supply the diminution of moisture on our earth and the other planets, and may in a great measure furnish that most subtile and excellent part of our air which is requisite to the life of all things: for as these tails are undoubtedly the vapours exhaled from the gross atmospheres of comets by the action of the sun, they will dilate as they ascend, and will gradually be dispersed through all the planetary regions; and therefore, in consequence of the power of gravitation and attraction, will be gathered into and absorbed by any planets that may be nearest to them, and stand most in need of their assistance. The bodies of the comets may also be as serviceable to our system as their tails, especially the bodies of those which have the greatest approximation to the sun, since these may possibly at their perihelion move within the solar atmosphere, and from its resistance be somewhat retarded: if so, at every revolution they will meet with a greater resistance, and be yet more retarded, and consequently at length fall into the body of the sun, and supply any decrease which may have happened in that vast globe of fire by the continual emission of light and heat for so great a number of centuries.

If it still be imagined, with Dr. Gregory, a deference due to the common suffrages of all ages to consider comets as having a pernicious influence upon our earth, such influence cannot possibly, I think, be of any partial or political nature, but must be some physical disorder or mischief to the whole globe. For instance: Dr. Gregory supposes, that if the tail of a comet should touch our atmosphere, or fall upon it by its own gravity, the vapours belonging to the comet, brought from the most distant and different regions, might, by mixing with our air, produce in it an alteration very sensible, especially by animals and vegetables, and possibly prove destructive to terrestrial constitutions. And Mr. Whiston imagines, that comets seem fit to cause vast mutations in the planets, particularly in bringing on them deluges or conflagrations, according as the planets pass through their atmospheres in their descent or ascent to the sun. If these conjectures appear founded upon the best established theory, or the most certain experience, they must no doubt be considered as probable: but surely, as to the pretended concurrent testimony of all ages, it is neither strictly universal nor uniform; and if the mere consent of many nations and centuries is to induce us to the reverence and belief of popular opinions, we shall be obliged to receive the grossest and most impious absurdities in philosophy, in religion, and even in morality.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF IMMANUEL KANT.

IMMANUEL KANT, the subject of the present memoir, known and so highly esteemed on the continent for his metaphysical acuteness, was born on the 22d of April, 1724, at Konigsberg, in Prussia, near the Saddle-street, in the suburbs. His parents held a respectable though not high rank in life, his father being a saddler, of the name of John George Kant, the latter, though born at Memel, was originally descended from a Scots family.

Kant's intellectual qualifications were by no means of an ordinary stamp. He possessed an extraordinary faculty of retaining words, and representing absent things to

himself. He often cited long passages from ancient and modern writers, particularly his favourite poets, Horace and Virgil, Hagedorn and Burger. He could describe objects that he read of in books, even better than many who had seen them: thus, for example, he once gave a description, in the presence of Londoner, of Westminster bridge, according to its form and structure, length, breadth, height, and dimensions of all its parts, so that the Englishman enquired how many years he had been in London, and whether he had dedicated himself to architecture? Upon which he was assured, that Kant had neither passed the boundaries of Prussia, nor had been an architect. A similar question was put to him by Brydone, to whom he unfolded, in conversation, all the relative situations of Italy. By the aid of his quick observation and clear conception, he was enabled to converse with admirable accuracy on chemical experiments, although he had never once witnessed any process in chemistry, and did not begin the theoretical study till after the sixtieth year of his age. Dr. Hagen, the great chemist, could not forbear expressing his perfect astonishment, while conversing with Kant at dinner on the subject, to find any one able, by simple reading, to make himself such a perfect master of a science so difficult.

But the most prominent feature in Kant's intellectual character, was the accuracy with which he analysed the most complex ideas. Nothing escaped the scrutiny of his intellectual eye. Whatever was perceivable to others in the moral and physical world became manifest to him. He discovered, therefore, so easily, the incongruities of other men's sentiments, and traced, with unspeakable precision, their errors to the true source. He had likewise an astonishing faculty of unfolding the most abstruse principles, and digesting singular and individual sentiments into a systematic order. Herein consisted the originality of his mind. All his philosophical conceptions flowed from the inexhaustible source of his own reason. The facility with which he deduced every thing from his own reflections, gave him at length such a habitual familiarity with himself, that he could not properly enter into the sentiments of others. He found all in his own mind which answered his purpose, and had, therefore, no occasion for foreign resources.

With all this depth of reflection, Kant was, notwithstanding, a wit. He had frequent and sudden strokes of ready wit at hand, to give a grace and interest to his conversation, writings, and lectures. He was a general admirer of all that polishes and beautifies the graver topics; and, in his lectures, he studied to acquire an agreeable delivery, with an easy flow of words. His manner of address, however, was peculiarly well adapted to the nature of his discourse. On morality he could move his audience to tears. He knew how to give the dry subjects of logic and pneumatics an easy turn, that rendered them even amusing; but on metaphysics he was abstruse, and, for beginners, not perfectly intelligible. He was sometimes carried, by a too great minuteness, away from the main subject, to which he was then forced abruptly to return. He was also liable to be confused by the smallest trifles. One day, in particular, he discovered a remarkable embarrassment, and confessed afterwards, that one of the audience who had a coat with a button wanting had been the cause of his discomposure, from the involuntary attraction of his eyes and mind to the defective quarter.

We must not forget to view Kant in another relation, which does honour to his heart: this was, his warm and steady attachment as a friend. Professor Rhunken was the bosom friend of his youth. This friendship was the offspring of congenial sentiment, and lasted till the death of the former. Theodore Gottlob von Hippel, secretary at war to his Prussian majesty in Ko-

nigsberg, a man well known for his literary performances, lived many years in the closest intercourse with Kant; as also the generals Brunet, von Mayer, von Losson. With Lambert, Sulzer, and Garve, he held a very interesting literary correspondence. His nearest and dearest friend, however, was one Green, an English merchant, residing at Konigsberg. Their friendship was occasioned by the following singular occurrence: Kant was expatiating once, in a coffee-house, during the American war, with some warmth, in favour of the Americans, and against the English, when a man suddenly started up, and declared himself offended by the reflections thrown on his country, and demanded honourable satisfaction. Kant, undisturbed by this strange mode of attack, continued to give a cool, but striking illustration of his own sentiments, in particular reference to the case of the Englishman. His impressive manner of reasoning, combined with his good-nature, had such an effect on Mr. Green (for that was the name of the gentleman), that he acknowledged the impropriety of his own conduct, and solicited Kant's pardon, which was immediately granted. Green attended Kant to his house; and from that hour, a friendship was commenced, which terminated only with the death of the former. Mr. Green was a whimsical, but well-informed man, possessed of many excellent qualites of the head and heart. Kant found in him so much solid intellect, that he never published any thing without first submitting to his judgment.

Kant was of a remarkable slender and delicate make; and his body was covered with so little flesh, that his clothes could never be made to fit, but by artificial means. His nervous and muscular system was no less tender. He was five feet high; but his head was large in proportion to the rest of his body. He had a flat breast, that bent almost inwards; and his right shoulder projected rather out. His form was otherwise quite perfect. His face when young must have been handsome; he had a fresh colour, and fine large blue eyes, which were as expressive of goodness as talent.

For the Literary Magazine.

BULL-FEASTS IN SPAIN.

(Extracted from a Journal kept by a Traveller in that Country.)

I CANNOT but conceive it an egregious error in those travellers, who have attributed bull-feasts, or amphitheatrical entertainments, in Spain, to the Moors, and stiled them the barbarous relict of their customs. It was not till long after the christian æra, that Gibraltar was first conquered by Tarick, the famous leader of the African adventurers: but this practice can be traced to epochs long before that period from which we now date; of consequence, if it is an exotic custom, they must owe its origin to the conquest of the Romans, or the imitation of their European neighbours. It cannot be denied that the Spaniards retain to this day many remains of Moorish customs and manners; and it would, perhaps, be more to their credit if they retained more; for if we may judge from the monuments the latter have left behind them, they possessed the most valuable ideas of architecture, tilling, draining, watering, and laying-out grounds; which once made the now rude plains of Grenada a perfect garden, and beautified them beyond our most romantic ideas of an Elysium; but amidst all their splendour and dreams of dear-bought happiness amidst the gaities of a Boabdil's reign, they did not practise fighting bulls; for their entertainments consisted of hunting, feats of the sword, club, and lance, wrestling, &c., at which their jealous dispositions did not suffer their women often to be present, the very soul of

the exercise under our consideration; nor is it the theme of any of the Spanish writers of romance, who have handed down to us their customs. The many remains of Roman architecture in Spain, the circular and oval forms of places built for exhibitions of this kind, together with the cells, vomitoria, podia, seats, and other yet visible ruins, evince to us, that those conquerors of what they called the *Provincia Cunicularis* not only spread the glory of their arms amongst this newly-subjugated people, but celebrated their victories by triumphal arches, and those public exhibitions which were common amongst themselves. Few Roman historians have mentioned the amphitheatrical games; and the early annals of the church are filled with the mention of victims that were exposed both to the contumely of the mob and the assaults of the lion and the tiger, whilst their liberty and pardon were the rewards of their courage. This was a favourite punishment for their criminals, and at once evinces to us, that these masters of the world, of learning, and of renown, had only advanced a few removes beyond barbarism. Legislation afterwards altered this practice, and the combatants were either hired, or served as volunteers. We are then only at a loss how to account for bulls being pitched upon as the tortured object of this practice, which is easily done, when we consider the difficulty and expence of obtaining the lion and the tiger alive*, particularly after the Moorish conquest, when the Spaniards had only a partial access to the shores of Africa, and when they had such ferocious beasts on their own plains, which would afford nearly an equal display of courage, without that excess of danger.

In tracing this practice, for the information of my readers, I shall be explicit and correct. Formerly the most valiant captains of the Lusitanian bands entered the lists in this ferocious combat. After conquering the Saracen, a Gonsalvo, a Lara, weilded the spear and sword against the dart-enraged bull; their recompence was the smile of approbation from their favourite fair-one. The greatest merit in her eyes was courage, and the greatest bond in love was the contempt of danger. Arrayed in the scarf their mistresses had embroidered, it was their pride to show their familiarity with scenes of peril, and the lengths to which they would go for objects incomparably more deserving. This spirit was fostered by their generals: it made their hearts martial, and counteracted the inert languor and inactivity of the camp. Not such the present champions: their pristine nobleness is fled; they are hirelings, and the traits of their courage are ferocious and butcher-like.

The days chosen for this sport are generally the anniversaries of some saints, with which the calendar is filled; but in the great cities, during the season, it may be seen three times a-week. No sooner is the day fixed on for this exhibition, than the news is eagerly spread, and electrifies every class with joy. The topic becomes general, every countenance exults in the glad tidings, and old and young, equally joyous, anticipate the scene. From all parts they crowd to the spot; neither distance nor penury withholds them; and if government or the police of the individual cities had not fixed restrictions to these games, the fields would remain untilled, and the grapes ungathered.

The bulls intended for the day's sport are brought into the city in the night, when the streets are empty, by means of a tame ox or cow, which serve as decoys. They are pent up

* The lion and tiger to this day form part of the tribute of the dependent beys in Africa; and the bagnios and slave prisons are peopled with these savage rangers of the wild, but only for show; and, to the shocking torture of every feeling of humanity, they are made the inmates of the wretched and equally fettered slave, who is often destined to be their keeper.

in separate cells, so small that they have not room to turn, and with their heads to the area. They are here goaded, and rendered furious by every artificial means.

Already is the amphitheatre crowded by an immense concourse, impatient for the signal to begin. Perhaps not a sight in nature is equal to this of the thronged spectators, clothed in all the gaieties and luxuries of dress, filling the progressively rising seats, and almost frantic with pleasure. The eye, enraptured, measures its favourite circle, rows on rows at once swell the grateful focus, and pleased the visual orb indulges in the scene. The men are clothed in their short cut jackets, loaded with innumerable rows of buttons *à lo majo;* with broad brimmed hats, or small high velvet caps; their hair confined within a silken net, and cloaks of black or scarlet half envelope their shoulders. The women, whose general street attire is black, now appear decked in all the showy contrast of colours, gay bunches of ribbons ornament their jet black hair; the richest mantles flow down their comely waists, over a short fringed petticoat, and at once give to view forms the most divine, without hiding those soul-enlivening eyes and animated countenances which allure, enrapture, and command. Costly fans produce an artificially cool atmosphere, and with great *légèreté de main* serve to salute their distant friends. Refreshing drinks and cakes of every kind are handed about by their attendants; handbills announce the particulars of the entertainment, and the different coloured ribbons that are affixed to the bulls' manes, to denote their race, progeny, and from whence brought. A gay display of flags wave on the tops of the battlements and when at war with any nation, they fix theirs, reversed, in the most conspicuous place. The shouts of the gay multitude, and the swift-winged rockets that break high in air, announce the approach of the hour, generally four in the afternoon. The signal trumpet sounds; a company of soldiers, with a lively band of music, enters at the gates, and, after forming into a line, clears the area of its numbers. One of them is then placed at each of the little recesses, made at small distances in the inner palisado, and sufficient to admit the body of the combatants, for whose safety they are intended.

The governor next appears, and the ministers of police are seated nearly over the place where the bulls are confined. Two trumpeters stand behind them, and under their direction the feast is conducted. Every thing in readiness, four champions in different coloured dresses enter the area on horse back, their legs and thighs are cased in tough leather, in their right hands they bear a long ashen lance tipped with a small piece of iron, and with their left dextrously manage their steeds. They prance gaily along the circle, make their devoirs to the governor, presidents of the feast, and their individual patrons and protectors. They then range themselves according to their merit opposite the first cell, from which the bull is expected to issue; but on the left, as the animal from instinct makes his attack on that side. A trumpet again sounds, a trap-door is raised, and forth rushes the bellowing monster, astonished, enraged, and frantic with hunger and frequent goadings. With impetuous onset he rushes on the prepared horseman, who with his lance repels him to the right or left of his horse. The second champion then follows, invites him to combat, and receives him in the same way. The greatest strength and dexterity are evinced in these frequent onsets; but it often happens, that the greater furious strength of the horned *enragé* overturns both horse and rider, and lays both promiscuously in the dust. Both then often share the frantic revenge of the animal, and are promiscuously torn with his horns, notwithstanding the efforts of the others to get him away, and divert him on another side. He often buries his

towering antlers in the bodies of both, throws their shattered limbs in the air, and strews them on the area. More frequently the rider escapes by the recesses in the palisado, and returns remounted with fresh courage to provoke battle. It is not unusual for one bull to kill several horses; but these animals, particularly in Andalusia, are so noble, that, with their entrails dragging on the ground, they face the tortured beast, and by their neighing and snorting seem to enjoy the sport, although not trained to it. Should they prove refractory, the riders cover their eyes with a handkerchief, that they may be unconscious of their danger; though such is the courage and noble spirit of this domestic animal, that this is seldom necessary: but it is grating to every feeling of humanity, that the end of this first of beasts should be thus perverted by practices so cruel. After a round of feats of this kind, equally horrid and disgusting, the trumpet again sounds, and the horsemen retire. The foot combatants then come forth, gaily dressed, and each bearing a pair of darts in his hands. With these they provoke the furious animal to battle, and, when he puts down his head in an attitude to tear them with his horns, they dexterously stick the barbed darts behind his neck, and evade his horns by slipping aside. These *shulitos a pie* crowd around him, wound him by incessant darts, and when he goes near the seats he receives showers of small ones from the people. In the tops of these darts, gaily ornamented with coloured paper, fire-works are fixed, which, when the match burns down, explode with frequent crackings. He stands with an aspect of rage and terror. His flaming eyes dart around the circle, he seeks objects to sate his rage; they evade him, the place resounds with horrid bellowings, streams of red froth issue from his mouth and nostrils, he paws the blood-stained ground, and in vain shakes his sides and neck to dislodge the galling load. Furious from rage and pain, he bounds across the area, attempts to climb the palisado, and wreak his revenge on every opposing object. Frequently he catches them on his horns, but generally from their great agility they escape, and he only bears away in triumph part of the red garment with which he had been provoked and deceived. I have seen one of these combatants hard pressed by the enraged bull, and apparently without means to escape. He was pent close to the palisado, and no recess at hand. Already had the furious beast stooped to tear him to pieces, and the terrified spectators imagined him horribly mangled on his horns. The active combatant, undismayed, and with unexampled presence of mind, put his foot on the forehead of the bull, with one leap was out of danger, and, lighting behind the furious animal, seemed to laugh at his unavailing efforts to catch him; he skipped gaily and unhurt away. He then walked round the circle with his hat in his hand; money from all sides was showered down to him from the pleased spectators and his patrons, who always requite an extraordinary display of agility by a collective reward. Formerly a favourite flower from the breast of the fair, or a bunch of ribands, was thrown down to the victorious champion, and he was happy in that return for the exertion of his courage and agility. When every means of harassing the animal has been exhausted, the trumpet is again blown, the footmen leave the area, and a single champion steps forth. In his right hand he bears a double-edged Toledo, and on his left arm a red cloak. After making his obeisance to the spectators, he provokes the bull by holding to him the red garment, and after several evasions of his horns he prepares for the last and most noted exertion of skill in this way. He places himself in a firm position before him, holds his sword obliquely, on which the maddening beast rushes with such impetuosity as to bury it to the hilt. Already the staggering bull

bellows with agonizing pain, streams of black gore burst from the wound and mouth, his haggard looks proclaim his tortured state, the dreadful steel entering at the collar-bone has searched the source of life, his feeble limbs deny support, he sinks and struggles in the dust. Incessant peals of applause re-echo through the vast circle, and frantic acclamations, such as resounded at the Olympic games of the Greeks, or the gladiatorial scenes of the Romans. The most lively and animated music joins the loud sound, but is nearly drowned by the plaudits of the mob. Three mules yoked together, and ornamented with gay streamers, drag the mangled and bloody carcase from the area, and every preparation is made for a repetition of the same sport, which only varies according to the courage of the men and the fury of the bull. Ten or sixteen are often killed in an evening, and the amusement, from neither its sameness nor disgusting scenes, appears to tire; as many horses often fall, and the men are frequently killed or maimed. Romero was the most famous *matador* the Spaniards every had, and his end was shocking. The meat is exposed for sale, but bought only by the common people. The scene is often varied by the fighting of two horses, which is indeed grand, and, though horrid, has something in it noble and fierce. They sometimes let loose the wild boar, the stag, and other animals, to fight dogs; and if a bull will not face the combatants, dogs are let loose upon him, which becomes quite an English bull-bait. The last bull is *embolado*, or his horns are tipped with wood; the common people all rush out, cling to the horns and tail, and wrestle with him in bodies. The entertainment is often closed with fire-works, and the interval is agreeably filled up by all the men striking their flints and steels, which they always carry, and which give a most curious gleam around. Part of the funds arising from these entertainments belongs to the hospitals of St. John of God, the other pays the expenses. The amphitheatre in Cadiz is of wood, holds ten or twelve thousand people, and belongs to the city. It is rented to a company under great restrictions, but this cannot hinder frequent impositions on the public. Those in Madrid, Seville, and Grenada, are of stone, and of royal foundation. In the smaller cities where they have none, they use the market squares, but on a very paltry scale. Indians from South America often display their feats with a leathern thong, with which they dexterously entangle the bull, and throw him on his back, when they mount, and by their dexterity render vain the exertions of the animal to shake off the unusual load. Many gypsies are amongst the foot combatants. Their pay is from ten to sixty dollars an afternoon, according to merit. That side of the amphitheatre on which the afternoon sun beats is only half price. There is a small difference in the several cities, but in all these are the leading traits.

To foreigners, accustomed to see the dexterous feats of equestrian riders, such diversions appear uninteresting and barbarous; and from the continual danger to which the riders and the horses are exposed, the feeling mind can derive no satisfaction. Even in this age of refined philosophy, man seems to be glad to multiply means for the extinction of his own species, which from the brute creation he might learn to husband. This familiarity with scenes of blood darkens the traits of the national character; and were a revolution to agitate the people, it would possibly be more sanguinary than we have yet witnessed. Government has often wished to abolish this practice, but in vain; it is so generally relished. It is astonishing that the Spanish ladies enjoy this sport, so savagely monotonous. Possessed of susceptibility and the finest feelings in nature, with every sense in unison with delicacy and sentiment, one would imagine they would fly it as a bane;

still do they frequent it; a contradiction which neither the moralist nor the keen observer can reconcile or combine.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

THE Russian gentlemen have almost adopted the same manner of living as that of the other nations of Europe. The citizens being, for the most part, slaves who have been made free, retain, in a great measure, the manners of their primitive state, and are very few in number. It is amongst the peasants, therefore, that we must look for the true national character of the Russians. Some of them are slaves of the crown; and the rest, who form the greater number, are slaves to the great lords, who have every power over them, except that of life and death. The Russian peasants were originally free; but about the middle of the sixteenth century they were made part of every estate, in order to prevent emigration. Since that period a custom has prevailed of treating them entirely as serfs, of selling and buying them, and of transferring them as property in any other manner. Their yoke, however, is much easier than that of the peasants of Livonia, because the Livonian gentlemen consider theirs as procured by conquest, while the Russian peasants have the same origin as their masters.

The ordinary food of the Russian peasants, besides bread, is the *schutschi*; that is to say, a kind of soup made of cabbage, rendered sour by fermentation, and hashed very small: this soup is, for the most part, accompanied with a piece of boiled meat. Their drink is *kivas*, a sort of sour, yellowish small beer, which they brew themselves in large earthen pans. Their dress consists of a shirt, always very neat, which hangs over their breeches, a linen frock, a surtout shaped like their frock, and made of coarse woollen cloth; the whole descends as low as their knees, and is fastened to the body with a girdle. In winter, instead of a surtout, they wear a cloak of sheep's skin; their heads are bare in summer, and in winter covered with a cap.

They wear no covering to their necks either winter or summer; their legs are wrapt up in bandages of cloth; but they use shoes, or rather a kind of slippers, made of the rind of trees, cut into slips, which are interwoven together. The women are dressed almost in the same manner as the men, but their exterior garments are loose, and not fastened with a girdle; they are also very long, and reach down to their feet.

Their wooden huts have all a perfect resemblance one to another. They are built in villages, bordering the highway, are placed parallel to it, and are covered with boards. Nothing is seen but a wall formed of planks, having two or three holes in it, which serve as windows. These windows are only large enough for one to put the head through them. They are seldom filled with squares of glass; but in the inside there is a piece of wood to shut them during the night, or in the time of bad weather. On one side of the hut is a small gate, which conducts to a yard, the greater part of which is covered with wooden planks, to shelter their carts, hay, &c. From the yard you enter the house by a back door, to which you go up by a few steps, and, when you have opened the door, you find in the first corner, towards the right hand, a stove constructed of bricks, which serves them for culinary purposes, and to warm the apartment. Around the stove, and on a level with its top, runs a circular projection, upon which the family sleep, and take a forenoon nap, as well as on the stove itself, however warm it may be; for they are remarkably fond

bellows with agonizing pain, streams of black gore burst from the wound and mouth, his haggard looks proclaim his tortured state, the dreadful steel entering at the collar-bone has searched the source of life, his feeble limbs deny support, he sinks and struggles in the dust. Incessant peals of applause re-echo through the vast circle, and frantic acclamations, such as resounded at the Olympic games of the Greeks, or the gladiatorial scenes of the Romans. The most lively and animated music joins the loud sound, but is nearly drowned by the plaudits of the mob. Three mules yoked together, and ornamented with gay streamers, drag the mangled and bloody carcase from the area, and every preparation is made for a repetition of the same sport, which only varies according to the courage of the men and the fury of the bull. Ten or sixteen are often killed in an evening, and the amusement, from neither its sameness nor disgusting scenes, appears to tire; as many horses often fall, and the men are frequently killed or maimed. Romero was the most famous *matador* the Spaniards every had, and his end was shocking. The meat is exposed for sale, but bought only by the common people. The scene is often varied by the fighting of two horses, which is indeed grand, and, though horrid, has something in it noble and fierce. They sometimes let loose the wild boar, the stag, and other animals, to fight dogs; and if a bull will not face the combatants, dogs are let loose upon him, which becomes quite an English bull-bait. The last bull is *embolado*, or his horns are tipped with wood; the common people all rush out, cling to the horns and tail, and wrestle with him in bodies. The entertainment is often closed with fire-works, and the interval is agreeably filled up by all the men striking their flints and steels, which they always carry, and which give a most curious gleam around. Part of the funds arising from these entertainments belongs to the hospitals of St. John of God, the other pays the expenses. The amphitheatre in Cadiz is of wood, holds ten or twelve thousand people, and belongs to the city. It is rented to a company under great restrictions, but this cannot hinder frequent impositions on the public. Those in Madrid, Seville, and Grenada, are of stone, and of royal foundation. In the smaller cities where they have none, they use the market squares, but on a very paltry scale. Indians from South America often display their feats with a leathern thong, with which they dexterously entangle the bull, and throw him on his back, when they mount, and by their dexterity render vain the exertions of the animal to shake off the unusual load. Many gypsies are amongst the foot combatants. Their pay is from ten to sixty dollars an afternoon, according to merit. That side of the amphitheatre on which the afternoon sun beats is only half price. There is a small difference in the several cities, but in all these are the leading traits.

To foreigners, accustomed to see the dexterous feats of equestrian riders, such diversions appear uninteresting and barbarous; and from the continual danger to which the riders and the horses are exposed, the feeling mind can derive no satisfaction. Even in this age of refined philosophy, man seems to be glad to multiply means for the extinction of his own species, which from the brute creation he might learn to husband. This familiarity with scenes of blood darkens the traits of the national character; and were a revolution to agitate the people, it would possibly be more sanguinary than we have yet witnessed. Government has often wished to abolish this practice, but in vain; it is so generally relished. It is astonishing that the Spanish ladies enjoy this sport, so savagely monotonous. Possessed of susceptibility and the finest feelings in nature, with every sense in unison with delicacy and sentiment, one would imagine they would fly it as a bane;

still do they frequent it; a contradiction which neither the moralist nor the keen observer can reconcile or combine.

For the Literary Magazine.

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of excessive heat. In the corner opposite to the stove, in a diagonal direction, that is to say, in the corner on the left, stands a small wooden shelf at about the height of a man, containing a few images of their saints, ranged in order, and surrounded by small wax candles or lamps, which are lighted on certain festivals; the drapery of these saints is embossed, and formed of tin plate or of copper, gilt; but the visage, the hands, the feet, and in general all the naked parts, are only painted. The Russians pretend that they are authorised to have painted images, but none of carved work, because the commandment says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." All around the hut is a large wooden bench, made for sitting or sleeping upon. Nearer the door than the saints, and to the left as you enter, there is a long table, formed of two boards, joined together lengthways, and before it, on one side, the bench already mentioned, and on the other a portable bench much narrower. The rest of the furniture consists of a wooden bason, suspended from the roof, on one side of the stove, in order to wash their hands whenever cleanliness requires it, a wooden platter, two or three wooden dishes, and a few wooden spoons.

As the hut forms only one apartment, all mix together without any distinction: one may see sleeping on the earth, on the bench, or on the top of the stove, the master of the house, the mistress, the children, and servants, both male and female, and all without any scandal. In some huts, however, there is a particular corner for the master and mistress, but it is separated from the rest only by a curtain, suspended from a pole placed in a horizontal direction. These huts have no chimnies; the smoke, therefore, renders them exceedingly black in the inside. If they are entered at the time when the mistress of the family is preparing dinner, the smoke and the smell of the onions, which they use in all their dishes, do not fail to make those sick who are not accustomed to them. When the smoke becomes too powerful to be resisted, they open a small wicket, which is a little higher than the window, in order to give it vent; but these peasants do this with reluctance, as they fear that part of the heat may escape at the same time; they are fond of being, as it were, roasted in their huts.

These peasants supply all their own wants; they make their own shoes, benches, tables, wooden dishes, and construct their own stoves and huts. The females also weave a kind of cloth, which resembles a very broad riband; they have occasion, therefore, to buy only a little woollen cloth or sheep skins to cover them, their girdles, which they consider as objects of great luxury, and the iron they employ for their implements of husbandry.

The Russian peasants are temperate in eating, but not in drinking: they are extremely fond of strong liquors, and often get intoxicated, especially on their festivals. They think they would not show their respect for their saints, did they not honour them by getting drunk; and they have a word to express the state in which one finds one's-self next day. They call this state, between health and sickness, *spokle-melie;* the women are addicted to drinking as well as the men. They cannot be accused of laziness, but they consider labour as a necessary evil, and never execute any piece of work thoroughly, contenting themselves with finishing it in a very imperfect manner; for this reason, therefore, they scratch up the ground, instead of tilling it. They are fond of keeping their persons neat: however dirty their upper garments may be, their shirts are always clean; they have warm or vaporated baths, into which the men and women, boys and girls, without distinction, plunge themselves two or three times a week. An order has lately been made, forbidding different sexes to mix to-

gether promiscuously in these baths; but this order is very little observed.

They marry when very young, and often even at the command of their masters. Paternal authority among them is very great, and it continues during the lives of their children; a father may give a blow with a stick to his son, of whatever age or condition he may be. We are told, that an old peasant having gone to visit his son, who had made a fortune in the army, and who enjoyed a considerable rank, the latter was so proud of his promotion, that he ordered his domestics to send the old man about his business. The father, however, having found means to enter the house when none of the servants were in the way, took a large cudgel, and gave his son a sound beating; nor did the son, so powerful was parental authority, dare to defend himself, or call out for assistance.

The people in Russia are very hospitable. A Russian peasant, when on a journey, enters whatever house he chuses, makes the sign of the cross before an image, salutes the company, and lays down his knapsack without any ceremony. If he find the family at table, he says, *bread and salt;* upon which the master of the house replies, *eat my bread*, and the stranger immediately places himself among the company. If he happen to arrive when the people are not at meals, he sits down among the rest, without any formality, at the proper time. If it be in the evening, he sleeps in the hut, and the next morning departs very early without saying a word: if the family are up, he says, I thank you for bread and salt. A stranger who is travelling meets with almost the same hospitality, if he can be satisfied with the usual fare of these peasants; if he cannot, he must pay the full price for every thing extraordinary; he pays also for the hay which his horses have eaten; but the price is always moderate.

Whatever little money these peasants acquire, they place it behind their images, and commit it to their care. Robbery is never heard of among them, although the doors of their huts are always open, and often left without any person to guard them. However disinterested the Russians may be naturally, they soon become fond of money, especially when they begin to trade; they have then a perfect resemblance of the Jews; they are as exorbitant in the prices which they ask, and equally ready to take every advantage; but, at the same time, they are equally disposed to sell with a small profit, when they cannot get rid of their goods in any other manner.

These peasants are not sullen, like those of Germany; they speak much, are very polite, and even sometimes to excess. Their mode of saluting is by shaking one another by the hand, and by bowing. Their equals they call brothers, and their superiors they call fathers. Before their lords, and before those from whom they ask a favour, they prostrate themselves, that is to say, stretch themselves out at their length on the ground. These Russians have very little ambition. If you speak to them with mildness, you may obtain from them whatever you desire; and they will not be offended when you call them knaves and cheats, and even much worse. They are very honest; but when they cease to be so, one cannot use too much precaution not to be a dupe to their promises. Their minds receive very little cultivation, for they can neither read nor write; all their learning consists in a few proverbs, which they transmit from father to son. They are fond of vocal music, and are always singing. The labourer sings behind his plough, the coachman on his box, and the carpenter on the roof of the hut where he is at work; their songs are generally upon love, and their music is very monotonous.

The religion of the Russians is that of the Greek church; that of these peasants consists in going to hear mass, in prostrating themselves

evening and morning before their images, saying, *Ghospodi pomiloui!* Lord have pity upon me! in making the sign of the cross before and after meals, or when passing a church; and, lastly, in observing lent.

This last article is absolutely indispensable; a Russian peasant is firmly persuaded that God would sooner pardon murder than a violation of lent. Their priests are equally ignorant as themselves; all their learning consists in knowing their ritual pretty well, and being able to give a benediction, even in the streets, to those who ask it, gratis, or for the value of a penny or halfpenny.

One village has sometimes more than one church, and churches are in general very numerous in Russia, because it is a work of great merit to found one. The ringing of bells is here almost continual, as it is thought to be a part of religious service. Besides churches, one finds on the highways small chapels, images covered by little wooden houses, and springs of water accounted sacred or miraculous, which have generally small chapels in their neighbourhood. The present empress has formed a plan for gradually instructing these people, by sending schoolmasters among them, and priests to enlarge their ideas with respect to religion.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH AND THE SHOEMAKER.

An Italian Anecdote.

THE life of this pope exhibits one of those extraordinary instances, in which genius and talents have lifted their possessors far above the disadvantages concomitant to a humble birth and indigent circumstances, and have enabled them to counteract adversity, or rather to command fortune. It was therefore, while he was cardinal, well said by him to an Italian prince, over whom, in a dispute, he had so manifestly the advantage as to excite the admiration of the company, and who consequently, irritated to the greatest degree, exclaimed, "I wonder at your arrogance, who are only the son of a swineherd!"

"True, my lord! and if it had been your misfortune to have been born the son of a swineherd, you would have still continued in that capacity."

That he was the son of a swineherd is a fact. He was born at Montalto, in the marshes of Ancona. His parents called him Felix; but he left them, and at the age of fourteen took the habit of St. Francis, and became a friar in the convent of Ascoli. The quickness of his parts soon raised him high in the sodality; though it must be observed, that it was composed of members who have not been recorded as the brightest of mankind. However, they had sense enough to distinguish his merit, and candour enough to acknowledge it, except in one instance, when some of the younger students, girded perhaps by the superiority of his genius, retorted upon him ironically, "that in the astrological question before them they must yield to him: he certainly knew more of *houses* than they did, his father's being *so illustrious.*" To this sarcasm he replied with great good nature, that "his father's house was indeed *illustrious*, for the interior of it was *illuminated* by the rays of the sun, which darted through every aperture of the *boards* of which it was composed*."

Improving his talents, he took the degree of doctor of divinity; and, at a public disputation in the presence of cardinal Carpi, who was then protector of the Franciscan order, acquitted himself so well, and acquir-

* This passage will be better understood, if we reflect that in Italy all the buildings of any importance are of stone.

ed so much fame, in consequence of the subtlety of his arguments and the acuteness of his wit, that preferment followed of course. By several gradations he arrived at the highest dignity of the church, being elected pope the 11th of April, 1585.

This pontiff, who seems to have been a humourist as well as a man of great learning, used some artifice to obtain this high dignity. From the time he had been nominated cardinal, he had affected the semblance of age and of ill health. When he went into the conclave, he appeared so feeble, and seemed to labour so much under the paroxysms of a *confirmed* asthma, that few expected he would have lived to come out. He supported himself with a staff, and as he ascended the stairs halted and coughed at every step. These symptoms were excedingly in *his favour*, and probably in a great degree influenced the election. But even before the scrutiny was finished, as soon as he saw that the object of his ambition was secure, he threw away his staff, his faithful companion for fifteen years, and erecting himself, there seemed in his system an instant renovation of youth. The cardinals murmured, but the thing could not now be helped. The artful pontiff at once saw their motives; and in order to add additional food to their meal of cogitation, he began to sing "*Te Deum Laudamus*" with a voice so clear and melodious, and withal so strong, that the spacious hall and vaulted roof re-echoed to the sound.

The recital of the life of this pontiff, which abounds with entertaining passages, exhibits a character which was rendered remarkable by contrasting it with others in the same elevated station. So strict was the impartiality of his adherence to justice, and so great his activity and energy of mind, that while he purified the jurisprudence of the holy see, he also established a well-regulated police, by which means he wholly extirpated a most ferocious banditti, that had not only infested the state of the church, but had spread over Italy.

On this occasion, the gratitude of the citizens of Rome induced them to commemorate the repose which they enjoyed by several inscriptions in different parts of the city, by statues, and other tokens of their approbation and liberality.

One great source of the amusement of Sixtus the Vth was the perusing the memoirs of his life and transactions, of which he had kept a regular journal, whilst he was the friar Montalto, which was the name given him in the convent. When he was one day deeply engaged in looking over this manuscript, and while he was probably enjoying the contemplation of some of the occurrences of his early years, he came to a passage that strongly attracted his attention, as it stated *nearly* these words:

"1546. Being at Macerata, and observing the miserable state of my shoes, the *soles* of which were on the very brink of perdition, owing, I fear, to the flinty-hearted and impenetrable rocks and roads, over which we had journeyed together: I therefore, resolving to use my endeavours *to save them*, repaired to a shop that I fortunately discovered in the market place, to consult the shoemaker or *translator* who kept it respecting their *reformation*.

"The shoemaker, who for his sagacity with regard to the *cure of soles* might have been a cardinal, after examining these wretched and oppressed *subjects*, whom I had so often trampled upon, declared that they were so *far gone*, that it was out of the power of man to *amend them*: in fact, that they had been upon their *last feet*, and had come once more to an *end*. He therefore added, that he could not advise me to allow them *an indulgence*, but would rather wish me to cast them entirely away, and try a *new pair*. This seemed *orthodox*: I therefore took his advice, kicked my old shoes, as they could *no longer* serve me, into the street, and *installed* myself in his chair. The

shoemaker brought a pair of *candidates* from his shelf; he lifted up my leg, placed my foot in his lap, but did not *kiss my toe:* he, however, fitted me in a moment, without putting me into what is called *purgatory.* But here a difficulty occurred of greater magnitude than any of the mountains that I had passed. The shoemaker demanded *seven giulios** for the shoes, and I, alas! had but *six* in my leathern purse which hung to my girdle, and in which my whole fortune *was suspended.* What was now to be done?

"I immediately emptied my purse, and dicovered the state of my exchequer to the shoemaker. This man, who had none of the *heresy* of John Crispin† in his mind, in an instant *believed* what *he saw;* or, rather (if a paradox were allowed in *our* system) what he *did not see:* so without seeming to notice my disqualifying bow, or the cause of my confusion, so apparent in the emptiness of my purse, he briskly said, "Haggling in this case would be to no purpose. It is true, I cannot afford to sell these shoes (look how well they are made!) for less than *seven giulios;* but if you have taken but six out of your *strong box,* that's a fault, as you are at a distance from home, that cannot easily be *mended;* therefore I will take the six upon this condition, that you will solemnly promise to pay me the other giulio when you come to be pope. To this I readily agreed; we therefore laughed heartily, shook hands, and parted."

* Three shillings and sixpence sterling.

† John Crispin, born at Arras, a man famous for his knowledge of the law, and his proficiency in polite literature, a short period before this time travelled to Rome, whence he returned to Paris; and becoming acquainted with Beza, he renounced the errors of the Romish church, and retired to Geneva, 1547. He wrote several learned works, and among the rest the French Martyrology. *Balduin in Respons. ad Calvin.*

When Sixtus had read this passage, it recalled the circumstance strongly to his mind, and withal introduced a desire to learn if the friendly shoemaker was living. He therefore dispatched his steward to Macerata to enquire after him, and, if successful, to inform him that he must attend the pope directly, upon business of the utmost importance *to himself.*

The shoemaker was yet living; but the message he received from the steward, who gave it its full force, almost frightened him to death. He had heard the exaggerated accounts of the severity of the pontiff that were circulated over Italy, and he had not the least doubt but he was to become the victim of his cruelty and the malice of his enemies. The rack, or the stake, were the lightest punishment that occurred to him: of these he felt all the horrors already. He therefore endeavoured to recollect what he done to merit this severity of chastisement. His very *best friends* could not accuse him of *heresy;* or if they had there was an inquisition upon the spot; but his life had been industrious and innocent, nor could he, even in the moments of his deepest despondence, *force* his concience to reproach him with any crimes which merited those excruciating tortures which *he knew* were prepared for him.

He more than once thought of flying from Italy; but this he supposed the steward (who was nearly at Rome before he set out) had taken measures to prevent.

Slowly, therefore, he journeyed on; and, the day after his arrival, trembling like a crimnal going to execution, he, with the same reluctance, ascended the *black* marble staircase that led to the pope's closet.

When introduced into his presence, Sixtus, for a moment, observed him with that keenness of penetration for which he was remarkable, and then, with a stern voice, said, "Have you ever seen me at Macerata?"

"No-o-o," returned the prostrate, and almost petrified, shoemaker.

"What! do you not remember that about forty years since you sold me a pair of shoes?"

"No!" said the poor fellow; "but I hope they *wore* well."

"Not remember this circumstance!" said the pope, who could hardly maintain his gravity: "Well! what am I to think of this, but that my memory is better than yours? Rise then, and learn from me, that I well remember the purchase I made at your shop, and also that you gave me credit for a giulio, which I was to repay when I came to be pope. That time is now arrived. I therefore owe you a giulio: it is debt of honour, which must be paid with *interest*. This I have calculated, and find that it amounts to two giulios more. These my steward will pay you, and you may depart in peace."

When the shoemaker left the closet of the pope, how different were his sensations from those with which he entered it. He seemed in Elysium. Dungeons, racks, and tortures had vanished from his mind; or if they for a moment recurred, it was only to induce him to wonder how he ever could have feared them. He received his three giulios, and returned to his inn; but in this short walk his sensations underwent another transition. When when he reflected upon the slender remuneration he had obtained, he could not help considering Sixtus the Vth as the meanest of mortals. He therefore, while he told the story, murmured exceedingly, that he should bring him from his native place, so far distant, and only give him three giulios (eighteen pence sterling) to defray the expences of a journey which had cost him twenty crowns.

This discontent of the shoemaker the spies who were purposely planted around him communicated to the pontiff, who accordingly sent for him again, and asked him if he had not a son who was a priest of the order of the Servi. To this he answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the pope, "he is the very man I want: let him be immediately called to Rome."

The messenger that was sent executed his commission with great expedition. The son arrived before the departure of the father. They both attended the pontiff, who, after examining the young priest, promoted him to a bishoprick in the kingdom of Naples.

In a few days they returned to the Vatican to make their acknowledgements to his holiness, who received them with great benignity, and, upon their taking leave, said to the father, "Here, my good friend! calculate the interest of your giulio, and see to what it has amounted, and how it has been disposed of. If I had given to you great riches and honours, they would have taken you out of a course of life that you have been long used to, and, in all probability, by placing you in a more elevated sphere, have rendered you unhappy. The education of your son has fitted him for his present station. I am pleased with his character, with which I am well acquainted, and have a good opinion of his talents. May he become at once an ornament and support to the church! He knows his duty too well not to consider himself as a steward to his father, and, now he has largely the means, support your age, as you, my worthy friend, from a very slender and precarious income, have supported his youth."

For the Literary Magazine.

ON EDUCATION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

AS all the governments which have hitherto existed have been founded, either entirely or in part, upon false principles, it is not to be wondered at that the knowledge which pertains to legislation and the human mind is yet in its infant

state. It is the interest of despotic and corrupt governments to keep mankind in as profound an ignorance as possible of the nature and extent of their faculties, and of the mode of improving them. Within this last century, however, several illustrious sages have arisen who have deeply investigated these subjects, and placed them in new points of view. They may very properly be termed the first rays of that sun of happiness and liberty which now dawns upon us, and which will ere long blaze out in perfect day.

Until the time of Locke mankind were divided between these opinions, 1st, That man is naturally virtuous; 2dly, That he is naturally vicious. Both these doctrines were completely destroyed by that profound philosopher: he proved that man is born without an idea of any kind, therefore without a knowledge of, and consequently without an inclination for either vice or virtue. The mind of an infant is like a blank sheet of paper, uncoloured by any impression, but capable of receiving every impression. As the senses are the only inlets of knowledge, the only channel by which we receive our ideas, it is impossible that we can have ideas before we come into the world. While in the womb the child has no idea of light, colours, sounds, tastes, smells. It may have the idea of pain; a blow given to the mother may communicate pain to the child; but until it has felt pain it has no idea of it: the idea of pain, therefore, is not innate. Ideas of justice and morality are much more complex. If innate they would be as perfect in the child as the man, in one man as in another, the same all over the globe: a position which is contradicted by the experience of every day.

If born without ideas, how do we acquire them? By education; which, in the large sense of the word, includes not only the precepts of our instructors, but likewise conversation, example, and every object that strikes any one of our senses.

Helvetius, in his Treatise on Man, proves (at least to my understanding) that every person is capable of acquiring an equal degree of knowledge, unless there be a material defect in some of his senses. For example, a child born blind cannot comprehend any thing that takes in the idea of light and colours; nor a child born deaf any thing that takes in the idea of sound. Every man, therefore, is by nature endowed with an ability to equal Newton or Milton. How is it then that these men remain unrivalled? Because nobody has had the same education as they have*. When an object strikes us with particular force, we apply our whole faculties to it, we are not dismayed by difficulties; and the pleasure we derive from the overcoming of one difficulty encourages us to encounter another. A man possessed of emulation will always excel in whatever he undertakes; a man devoid of emulation will always remain ignorant.

Objects frequently strike the minds of children with peculiar force; they turn their attention to a particular study, and improve rapidly in it. We attribute this to a genius implanted in them by nature. It is no such thing; it is the effect of something that has excited a

* Sir Isaac Newton never discovered any extraordinary genius for astronomy till one day, sitting under an apple-tree, an apple was blown off and struck him on the head. He took it up, and was surprised that so small a body should strike so severe a blow; curiosity excited him to investigate the reason of it, and the result of his research was the discovery of gravitation. Urged by an insatiable thirst of knowledge, he now prosecuted the study of astronomy with indefatigable perseverance; and to this trifling accident is owing all the great discoveries that he made. Had the apple fallen on Milton's head it would probably have made a philosopher of him; he would have anticipated Newton, and the world would have been deprived of his Paradise Lost.

strong sensation: in other words it is education.

The fact, however, is not very material, whether all men have an equal aptitude at acquiring knowledge, or not. Whatever they do know is the effect of education: and admitting that it be impossible to render every child equal to Newton, or Milton, it is still an object of the highest importance to render it as wise as its faculties will allow.

Laying down this position, that man is born without ideas, and that all his knowledge is acquired by education, I shall, in two or three subsequent letters, point out what appear to me the means best calculated to render education more perfect; for it is obvious to every one who considers the subject ever so slightly, and who attends to the manner in which children are treated, that the present mode is miserably defective.

W. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Exemplified by a Historical Anecdote.

FOR the shortness of human life, a variety of comparisons have been suggested; not only by general observers, but by the wisest of men*; yet it would be difficult to find a simile perfectly applicable to the transitions which some characters are destined to undergo.

To behold a good man struggling with adversity, and as it were rising superior to the poignancy of its shafts, is allowed to exalt the human character to the most dignified situation which it is possible for it to attain. Courage may enable a man to brave danger; apathy may render him regardless of life; for the heart which is incapable of attachment feels not the force of Nature's powerful ties. We, doubtless, are not all born with the same disposition and propensities: the same misfortunes are very differently felt; and a character destitute of sensibility is no more to be admired for bearing them with composure, than the immoveable rock which the winds of heaven cannot shake. But when we behold a being, born to an elevated station, endowed with feelings of the most lively and susceptible kind, piously submitting to the ordinations of a wise Providence, yet supporting the wants of Nature by the exertions of his own hand; a kind of enthusiastic admiration seizes us, and we can scarcely find words to express the emotions it inspires.

These observations have been excited by the perusal of an anecdote in a French work, entitled, "Letters to Count de B——." The most striking parts of this extraordinary relation I shall accurately extract, for the amusement of my readers this month, merely abridging the circumstances, and by that means rendering the account more acceptable to a periodical work.

Sir Thomas Moyle, a celebrated architect, having been employed to build a large castle in the parish of Eastville, had frequently been struck with the superior language and manners of the master mason who superintended the work. When his mind was not occupied in giving directions to the labourers, he was always intent upon a book, which sir Thomas at length contrived to obtain a glance of, and, to his astonishment, discovered it to be Virgil's Æneid. This discovery confirmed him in the opinion which he had previously formed; and by those little delicate attentions which excite friendly communication, he at length received from the lips of the mason the following extraordinary account:

"Until the age of sixteen, I was boarded with a master, whose chief attention was devoted to the improvement of my mind; and, during that period, I was regularly vi-

* Solomon.

sited by a gentleman, whose manners were extremely dignified, every three months. As my understanding expanded, the secrecy which was observed towards me, excited a degree of anxiety in my mind; and I expressed to this gentleman the solicitude I suffered, and begged to be informed whether I was *not* his *son.* His conduct to me certainly was not calculated to give rise to this suspicion, for his attentions were always mingled with a degree of respect, which is not likely to influence the manners of a parent towards the being to whom he had given birth. In the strongest terms of assurance, he denied being my father; acknowledged that a mystery hung over my head, which very soon would be elucidated to my entire satisfaction; but declined telling me more.

"In less than two months, I had the pleasure of seeing my only acquaintance return, for I was kept in a perfect state of captivity; yet, from never having had my liberty, I knew not the gratification which arises from a communication with the world. My heart, however, bounded with satisfaction, when this kind friend informed me I was to quit my abode, for the purpose of being introduced to a friend of my father's; but that, after the interview, I was to return. Of the nature of distance I could form no accurate idea; to me it appeared an amazing way; but at length the carriage drove up to a most superb building, and I was conducted through a suite of apartments furnished in the most elegant style.

"After placing a chair for me, in a room magnificently ornamented, my kind conductor took his leave, telling me, my father's friend would soon wait upon me, which he did, before I had time to revolve these extraordinary circumstances in my mind. He approached me with extended arms, and pressed me to his bosom. *Mine* laboured with sensations language never can describe; but to give a turn to those emotions evidently depictured on my countenance, he began to ask a variety of questions respecting the cultivation of my mind, with that air of tenderness and anxiety, which proved how deep an interest he took in my concerns. The dress of this stranger was truly magnificent. At the close of our conversation, he presented me with a purse, filled with different gold coins, of which I scarcely knew the value; though still sensible that they were of no small degree of worth. Upon this distinguished personage's departure, my conductor made his appearance, and taking my reluctant hand, led me to the coach. Our journey was performed without any explanation; and my mind was tortured with a variety of suggestions, to which this extraordinary interview had given rise.

"A few months after this singular circumstance, the friend of my infancy arrived at an early hour; he brought with him a rich dress, in which I was soon habited, and desired me to ascend a phaeton with six horses, which was standing at the gate. We drove with a rapidity imagination could scarcely conceive possible, and at length arrived at Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of my lamented father, who was no less a personage than Richard the third! 'Behold my son!' said he to the noblemen who surrounded him, at the same time pressing me fondly to his heart; when I instantly recognized the stranger who had excited such singular emotions at our interview a few months before. 'To-morrow (said he), my child, I shall fight for my crown and kingdom: if fortune favours the undertaking, both will be *yours;* and if victory crowns my arms, I will openly proclaim you as my adopted heir, though illegitimate son. Should I be vanquished, carefully, I conjure you, conceal the secret of your birth; for you will be surrounded with a set of implacable enemies, who will drink up the last drop of your blood!"

" In vain I conjured him to let me share the fate of battle; on my knees besought him to let me *live* or *die* by his side; but no argument could induce him to comply with my wishes; and again I was intrusted to my conductor's care. ' To your hand (said he, turning to my companion) I commit a *sacred* and *important* trust;' presenting me at the same moment with a port folio, and informing me its contents would prevent me from knowing the miseries of want. ' Go, my son (continued he); fulfil your destiny;' at the same time embracing me with tears.

" At this command I remained motionless. My guide led, or rather forced me away; as my father's mind was too much occupied by the dangers which hung over him, to allow any length of time to be devoted even to a son. Early the next morning I was conducted to an eminence, where I had an opportunity of observing the dreadful carnage which ensued; and, shocking to relate, in the midst of the slaughter, I beheld the author of my existence fall. A sudden faintness overspread my faculties; my knees trembled; my eyes became dim; and casting an agonized look towards my protector, I fell senseless to the ground. How long I remained in this situation is uncertain. Upon recovering my recollection, I looked in vain for my friend; for, regardless of the sacred promise he had given to my father, he had sought his own safety in flight. This was not all; for he had secured the port-folio, and left me as destitute of the means of supporting existence, as a child newly born. I knew not even the spot where my infancy had been nurtured, and had not a single friend in the world!

" My father's troops were flying in every direction. Conceive, if possible, the wretched state to which I was reduced. At that moment, I fortunately perceived a horse without a rider, and mounting him, I soon found myself in the high road. Not to tire your patience, by attempting to describe sensations which it would be impossible for the power of language to paint, I shall merely say, that I remained some time in London, exposed to all the miseries of want. Chance at length directed my footsteps to a house of entertainment, which some masons used, with whom I entered into conversation, and inquired whether they would agree to find me in work. I had felt the wants of nature too powerfully, not to rejoice at the means by which they were supplied. My assiduity soon obtained me the approbation of my master, who easily discovered that I was not born to the situation which I filled.

" At the expiration of some years, my knowledge of the business was so perfect, that my employer invited me to reside in his house, and treated me with as much friendship and kindness as if I had actually been his son. This gentleman had risen to the highest eminence in his profession; the suavity of his manners could only be equalled by the intelligence of his mind. And he had a *daughter*—But to attempt describing her various attractions would be presumption; for in her person were assembled all the virtues and graces which have ever been ascribed to the sex.

" In the society of this lovely creature, I experienced that refined gratification, which neither rank nor splendour ever could impart; but my happiness was destined to receive a dreadful interruption, by the sudden death of the author of her birth. Though I had carefully concealed from my beloved's father the secret of my own existence, I resolved to impart it to her; and for ever resign those visionary prospects of future grandeur, which imagination frequently had formed. Tenderness and astonishment marked her expressive features, whilst she listened to the vicissitudes of my life; and, after pouring the balm of sympathy into my bosom, she amply compensated for all my sufferings by blessing me with her hand.

By this angelic woman I have three children, who will for ever remain strangers to the noble stock from whence they sprang; for though no sigh for faded honours ever escapes my bosom, I cannot be answerable for the effect which a knowledge of their father's origin might produce upon theirs."

Sir Thomas listened to this singular recital with a mixture of emotion and astonishment, and immediately offered the son of England's tyrant an asylum in his house, with full liberty to act the same as if he was its master; but this the noble-minded man, with expressions of gratitude, refused; declaring he was perfectly satisfied with his present situation; but wished to build a small house for his family at the extremity of his friend's park.

Of the truth of these extraordinary circumstances, little doubt can be entertained; and they are still more strongly impressed upon the imagination, by the parish register of Eastville; which states, that on the 22d of December, 1550, the *body* of Richard Plantagenet *was interred.*

Upon this singular character's history I shall not attempt making any farther observation: no reader of sensibility will be able to peruse it with hearts totally unmoved; for though we admire the calm philosophy of his feelings, he doubtless regretted the splendours he had lost.

For the Literary Magazine.

ESSAY ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

"Fie on it! 'tis an unweeded garden that grows and runs to seed; things gross and rank in nature possess it merely." SHAKSPEARE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

PERHAPS there cannot be a more useful lesson to my countrymen than to present to their notice at this time a subject that may serve in some degree to elucidate the causes and consequences of a revolution among a people, and the change in their morals, their religion, their taste, or their manners. I am invited to this consideration from the gradual display of science in the times among all ranks, that cheers me with its influence, and prevents the possibility of my being misunderstood.

The subject of revolution cannot be more advantageously entered into, than by carefully noticing the character of a people who have suffered this desperate change, as by comparing it with what it was, with what it now is, and at the same time with a reference to the state of other nations, we shall be able to discover how far it now falls short of a wise or amiable character, and whether it has not changed for the worse.

The French of the old *regime*, or rather of the *vieille cour*, were accused of levity and inconstancy: defects nearly synonimous, and which convey an idea of a flimsy and superficial cast of mind, capable of little solid reflection, and leading to a conduct of inconsequence.

By a continual repetition of these opinions or assertions respecting the inconsequence of the French character, all Europe became persuaded of its truth: the French themselves did not even attempt to refute it; nay, some of them have imagined it necessary to acquire a reputation to depreciate their own national character, to make them more acceptable to strangers, and tacitly to be the means of receiving praise for their own judgment, as by such opinions they thought they showed how easily they could sacrifice partiality to the love of truth; and beside that merit, it attributed to the unpatriot critic all exemption from the defects he so ably censured.

It will be perceived, however, that in truth no national character had a right to arrogate to itself a superiority over that of the French,

as not any ever afforded fewer instances of levity and inconstancy in matters of great importance; and for the individual, perhaps the man who is faithful to his religion, his king, and his honour, may claim the privilege of diversifying his business and pleasures his own way, without being accused of frivolity. One hour he may enjoy the society of an amiable or accomplished woman, another he may study Bossuet or Montesquieu, or turn over the pages of a poet; sometimes he may laugh at the French theatre, or amuse himself at the Italian; sometimes he may join in a concert, or mix in the gaiety of the dance: all these things he may do, and yet fulfil the duties of his station in life. It is by properly understanding the precept of Horace, "*blending the useful with the pleasurable*," that we can give happiness to ourselves, or communicate it to others.

Nothing can show more forcibly the contemptible arguments of confined minds, on the subject of national character, than a view of the difference in taste in different nations, and of different authors in each. The grave and majestic stile of the Spaniards, the gay and volatile of the French, the forcible and impetuous of the English, the fine and delicate of the Italians, the solid of the Germans; and as we find in the works of different authors of the same nation the sublime of Corneille, the richness of Racine, the sense of Boileau, the gaiety of Moliere, the strength of mind of Bossuet, the delicacy of Fenelon, the noble of Malherbe, the brilliancy of Fontenelle, the *naïveté* of Fontaine, the rapidity of Bourdaloue, the insinuation of Massillon, the profundity of Mallebranche, the levity of Pelisson, the elegance of Gresset, the ingenuousness of Voltaire's prose, and the harmony of the Odes of Rousseau.

It has been the custom of nations, too, to reproach the French for their fondness for dress, and it has been produced as a proof of their levity; but if so, the same censure might be fairly extended round the globe. The fondness for dress may be a a weakness, but it is the weakness of all mankind. The Chinese, the Persians, and the Indians, like the French, have each of them a similar infatuation; and even the savages have it, who pierce their nostrils to suspend rings to them, who adorn their heads with feathers, and who paint their skins with the figures of animals. The passion for ornament may be ridiculous; but is it not more ridiculous to think that it is a merit to wear an ill-made or unbecoming dress, because it was the fashion of our grandfathers? If the dignity of reason smiles at the youth who pleases himself with the cut of a frock, or delights in the cavalier air of a hat *à la Suisse*, what ought it to do at the old bachelor, dressed in a formal cut brown coat with long sleeves and a deep-crowned hat, that gives him a mighty grave and solemn air, that reminds us of the "*I see plainly enough the robe and the beard of philosophy, but where is the philosopher?*"

There is, therefore, *foiblesse pour foiblesse;* and the first has at least something agreeable to recommend it, besides the necessity of conforming in some measure to the fashion: these little addenda do no injury to the vast volume of a nation's character, where the title-page presents morality and religion.

It was chiefly upon these grounds of inconstancy of pursuit, and a frivolous fondness for dress, that the Frenchman was found guilty; but the national character then was pure, and the mind of the people uninjured. For fourteen centuries it was marked by a constant fidelity to the religion of its ancestors, an unshaken attachment for the sovereign, an enthusiasm for honour, a mind of gallantry, an easy or refined politeness, and a hospitality towards strangers, always offered with kindness, and without ostentation: these are the traits which peculiarly distinguished the French nation, and which certainly constituted a cha-

racter of importance and solidity in the world, and worthy of high consideration.

When the solid materials of a national character are the *amor patriæ*, religion, honour, gallantry, I mean that gallantry which is bravery and generosity, there is little to be feared from the follies of costume, or whether a man has his hair elegantly dressed, close cropped, or wears a large wig. For those who can afford it, in things of utility and choice, the most commodious and elegant are the best; and the morals will not suffer offence.

Every nation has its usages and modes, governed greatly by the climate it inhabits, which designate rather its changes and vicissitudes, than circumstances of solidity or frivolity in the national character.

It is noticeable, too, that one criticism upon the French character was their excessive politeness to women, and their passion for gallantry with the sex. Perhaps, under the guidance of reason and religion, this disposition creates and preserves to man what they call *les délices* of his existence upon earth. Pure gallantry is an honourable affection of the soul, that gives brilliancy to the talents and adorns the understanding; it embellishes the most trifling pursuits and occupations, gives society numerous charms by an exchange of reciprocal civilities and polite offices, and constitutes what the French once were in possession of, *les bienséances*, now lost in the barbarous achievements of political fury and party vengeance.

It is said by a philosopher, that a good and beautiful woman, and a great and good king, who knows how to gain the love of his people, are alike divinities. A beautiful and virtuous woman is omnipotent: she can create virtue in others; she can soften by her charms the most ferocious mind, make a miser liberal, animate stupidity, and give gallantry to a clown. Love, like wisdom, without annihilating our passions, can direct them towards their proper object; and without this pure and sacred flame, man would present a picture of avarice, passion, and pride. The warrior would be barbarous and unmerciful; the learned mere pedants, often tiresome and heavy, but never agreeable. Gallantry tells us to pardon after we have conquered, and knows how to unite courage and generosity, and the virtues of a citizen to those of a hero. The society of women teaches also how to associate the delicacy of sentiment with the elegancy of expression and the ornaments of stile. Women make men better, and consequently happier. A young man, perhaps, cannot be too early introduced to the company of women, nor even to the choice of an amiable object to direct his mind and instruct his manners. Libertinism disgraces, and virtuous love exalts; and even what the French call in society *la pure galanterie*, or that general love of women, shown them in kind and polite attentions, has its advantages, employing that time that might pass in base and low adventures with the worst part of the sex.

I now come to the greatest reproach that other nations have passed upon the French national character, that they think but little; and yet, to take the works of their authors fairly into consideration, we must cheerfully admit a competition of mind. Descartes, la Bruyere, Montesquieu, the bishop of Meaux, Malbranche d'Amaud, Pascal, the admirable Fenelon, the celebrated Molière, that philosophical painter, who is played and admired from Lisbon to Moscow, from Naples to Stockholm; the criticisms of Boileau have all the characters of wisdom; and for the military art, Henry IV, Turenne, Vendome, have an undoubted claim to the title of men of great minds. In politics (of those politics which are not crooked subtleties to answer the moment, but such as embrace every thing that can constitute the happiness of a state), what names can be superior to those of cardinal d'Amboise, de Sully, and de Colbert?

The opinion that the French seldom think, was partly established by the indifference of the lower order of people to affairs of state, and because a mechanic was not a politician, nor did amuse himself in idle discussions respecting the court and ministers: but this opinion is against true wisdom, which directs the

In propria pelle quiesce*

of Phœdrus, for the happiness of all. Meditations of the kind only serve to disturb, perplex, and lead astray the humble citizen who has not had a liberal education to improve his judgment. There are many great and important truths which may, by a false application, lead the ignorant into irrevocable errors. There are also some subjects on which it would not only be useless, but even dangerous, to fix their attention. A good judgment, the knowledge of their proper station, and the love of their duty, is all, in reference to their own happiness, they ought to look to. Reflection is entirely useless if it does not tend to make us better and happier; and the first sentiments of men who are not corrupted in society are almost always the best. In all classes, in all situations, the man who endeavours to avoid error and the commission of crimes, and who has a real disposition to be quiet and to do good, is a worthy citizen. If you had proposed to a Frenchman of half a century ago to betray his sovereign, or abandon his religion, you would have subjected yourself to an honourable resentment, or he would have shunned you with contempt.

The fall of the French nation by the convulsions of a revolution has been owing to the abandonment of those principles that were the safeguard of the people's happiness.

A complete revolution is that great overthrow which changes at once the laws, the manners, and the character of a nation, which of a monarchy makes a republic, and of a lawful king an usurping despot, crowned by one conspiration, and perhaps beheaded by another, without the people finding his criminal successor one jot more worthy, and without giving more liberty or happiness to even the artizans of his elevation.

I call revolutions the calamities of an unquiet people, who mistake the means, or who exceed the moderation, necessary to the work of redressing grievances; who, after many civil troubles, and much loss of generous blood, having forsook their God* and their sovereign, are lost to peace and happiness; who become the prey of self-made protectors. In short, I denominate revolutions those tumultuous shocks which unhinge the government, disorder the morals of the people, and, at length, throw the sovereign at the feet of some atrocious criminal who usurps his place.

Let us now compare the character of the French of the *vieille cour* with that of the present people. Brave, loyal, courteous; turbulent, unsettled, unsocial. Such is the anti-climax. The abuses of the old government, which were abated by the mild sovereign who reigned, so as scarcely to be known but by name, are cured, but so badly, that the foul blotches and stains of the desperate nostrum have caused a worse disease, from which nothing can restore the constitution but the mild alteratives of religion and morals, which teach us to love and not destroy each other, and between the government and people to guard the rights of each with a watchful affection for the benefit of both.

PALLADIUM.

* Every one in his station.

* A young emigrant noble, who fourteen years ago called himself M. du Bruval, in the ingenuous language of youth emphatically declared, that he believed the primary cause of the miseries of the French frantic revolution to have been the pernicious growth of atheism and deism.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Commodore Preble.

DIED on the 25th of August, 1807, commodore Preble, of the United States navy. He had just completed the 45th year of his age, being born in Portland, in August, 1761. The following sketch of his life is copied from " The Polyanthos."

Our young hero, almost from his infancy, discovered a noble and invincible courage, and admirable resolution and perseverance in all his pursuits. Blest with an athletick constitution, and having no great inclination to sedentary amusement, his hours of leisure from his academical and other early studies were mostly devoted to hunting, and other exercises of the greatest activity.

In his youth he became a mariner in the mercantile service, which he successfully followed, during some years after the commencement of the revolutionary war. In this war he was once made a prisoner. After his liberation from captivity, his enterprize and vigour were displayed in armed vessels of the state of Massachusetts, with honour and success.

About the year 1779, he entered as a midshipman on board the ship Protector, commanded by captain John Foster Williams; with whom he served one or two years, till he was promoted to a lieutenancy on board the sloop of war Winthrop, commanded by captain George Little. In this station he performed a very brilliant and heroic action, boarding and capturing with a few men a vessel of more than equal force, lying in the harbour of Penobscot; under a furious cannonade from the battery, and an incessant firing from the troops. After this he continued with captain Little, till the peace of 1783.

In the year 1801, he had the command of the United States frigate Essex, in which he performed a voyage to the East Indies, for the protection of our trade in those seas; and, having driven off the cruisers, returned in the following year with a convoy from Batavia under his care, consisting of fifteen ships and other vessels, estimated at the value of four millions of dollars.

In the year 1803, captain Preble was honoured with the appointment of commodore, and with the command of the United States frigate Constitution, with a squadron consisting of seven sail of vessels in all; and before the end of the year made his passage to the Mediterranean Sea.

In the following year, 1804, though he was destined to act in the Mediterranean with his fleet, and particularly designed to subdue or humble the Tripolitan barbarians; yet, on his arrival at Gibraltar, he found the emperor of Morocco had made war upon the vessels of the United States. This prevented for a time the fleet's progress up the Mediterranean, till the commodore had taken measures to obtain a peace with that power, on terms honourable to his country, which was happily effected. But after the unfortunate loss of the frigate Philadelphia, he found that his remaining force was by no means equal to the attack of the strong holds of Tripoli, with any rational prospect of success. Rather than fail, however, in his design, he obtained a number of gun-boats from the king of Naples, by which he was the better able to oppose the gun-boats of the enemy. After the burning of the Philadelphia, through the valour of the brave Decatur, under the mouths of the enemy's cannon, he made his first general attack; and all the attacks which he made on the city and fortifications were so little distant in time from each other, and so judiciously conducted, with consummate bravery and alertness, that though the obstinate bashaw was not induced to surrender or flee, yet he was induced to make great abatements from time to time, in his demands for the

emancipation of the prisoners whom he then held in durance.

It is thought that one vessel more added to the small fleet would have enabled the commodore to complete the ruin or capture of the place. Much indeed was done towards compelling the enemy to set at liberty captain Bainbridge, with his officers and men; and towards obtaining a peace on moderate and honourable terms, which has since taken place. The conduct of our prudent and intrepid commander was such, as to do much honour to himself and the flag of the United States, in the view of Europe as well as of America. His conduct has extorted praise from the bashaw of Tripoli himself: and what affords a peculiar and unexpected honour to this American warrior, though a heretick, is the declaration of his holiness of Rome, *That he has done more towards humbling the antichristian barbarians on that coast, than all the christian states of Europe had ever done.*

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Mr. John Tullock.

The fate of this extraordinary victim to literature deserves notice. He was found dead the 3d October, 1804, in a garret in Rupert-street. He literally died of want. He was a native of Shetland. His father, who was a poor industrious fisherman, having one day discovered a chest washed on shore by the tide, found that it contained a quantity of carpenter's tools, and a few books. When he showed this treasure to his son John, he was surprised to find that the boy fixed his eyes on the books, and scarcely glanced at the chissels and planes. "Oh, father!" said he, after a pause and a sigh, "I would give all Lerwick (the chief town of the island) to be able to read any one of these books!"—"Then," cried the old man, with tears in his eyes, "if I live, and you live, you shall read every one of them, if I should even sell the chest and all it contains, and, what is still more valuable, my boat and nets into the bargain."—John, who was then about nine years old, was sent to school the very next day; and in less than two years the pupil outstripped the master, who was allowed by all the islanders, to be an excellent teacher, as he could read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress from beginning to end. John was not satisfied with his school acquisitions, he was resolved to try what he could do by himself. Amongst the books "which had fallen from heaven," to use his own expression, he found Hill's Arithmetic. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that rose in succession to a beginner, who had scarce ever ventured to count beyond a hundred, he was determined to make himself master of a science that daily extended the boundaries of his mind. In less than a year, he could solve all the questions in skill. His fame as an arithmetician was so great, that some of the ignorant people thought that he dealt a little in what they called the black art. He was resolved that the mere knowledge of numbers should not close his literary career; he sat down to study mathematics. Nature had endowed him with talents peculiary adapted to studies of this kind: a mind ardent yet patient in the pursuit of knowledge, a thorough contempt for what the world calls wealth, and a temperance in diet contributed to health and serenity. He was now about fifteen years of age: and as his father and mother were almost past their labours, he was advised to open a school, which would enable him to support his parents in decency. Dr. Young says, in allusion to instruction, that "in giving we receive, and in teaching we learn." This was verified in young Tullock. In consulting that peculiar bias which Nature has given to every mind, he was enabled to draw many deductions from the questions and pursuits of his pupils. Some of these questions led him to cast his eye to the heavens, the native seat of philosophy and kindred arts. Having

in time learned to call some of "the stars by their names," he began to emulate the fame of Flamstead and Halley. These illustrious men, however, could converse with the living and the dead; they had friends and books; they had leisure, and could view the moon through Gallileo's eyes. But Tullock had none of these aids: he was obliged to provide for the wants of the day that was passing over his head, and the only time that he could devote to the study of astronomy was at the expence of his humble pillow. A favourite mountain was his only observatory, on the top of which he used to pass many a night, even in the depth of winter, watching the motions of the heavenly bodies. At the age of twenty, he married a young woman, who in the course of time brought him a fine family of girls and boys. One of his friends, in an unlucky moment, conceiving that his native isle was too narrow a sphere for such a star to move in, advised him to try his fortune in London, the mart of genius, as he was taught to believe. This advice fell in with our young astronomer's wishes; he longed to converse with the learned, to consult books, and to communicate all that he knew to the world. Accordingly he set out for the capital on the wings of hope, and flattered himself that in less than a year he would be able to return with a sum sufficient to enable him to pass the rest of his days in lettered ease, in the bosom of his family. He travelled from Edinburgh to London on foot, with a few shillings in his pocket. All his golden prospects were not a little clouded, soon after his arrival, to find that he could not even procure the situation of a mathematical assistant in any one of the academies about the city. He had the mortification to experience, that talent is often estimated by dress and address, in both of which he was unfortunately wanting. Disappointed in all his applications, he opened a school in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. Having been told by a person on whose judgment he depended, that all the treasures of learning were locked up in the Latin, he devoted all his spare moments to the study of that language, and, in the end, made so great a progress in the acquisition of it, that he could translate it with tolerable ease. He then began to turn his thoughts to chemistry, and soothed himself with the hopes of making some discoveries in that useful branch of knowledge, and of one day emerging from obscurity. The income arising from his school was so slender, that he was obliged to live on the cheapest food, and could scarce afford himself coal or candle light. Baron Maseres occasionally assisted him; but such was his modesty, that even the want of the necessaries of life could not urge him to solicit the least relief. Having caught a cold about two years ago, it fell on his lungs. As his health declined, his scholars fell off; and as to friends, he had none that could assist him. In this hopeless situation, the thoughts of his family, who eagerly looked out for his return, a series of disappointments, together with the cold neglect of those who affected to patronize science, preyed on his mind, and hastened his dissolution. He was found dead in a damp room, with a few shavings under his head.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

HAVING frequently heard of this association, and being unacquainted with its object, I made some inquiry respecting it. The result of that inquiry I send for publication, because I think the design of the institution laudable and praiseworthy.

It was established by several young gentlemen of literary charac-

ter, in Philadelphia, in the year 1805.

By a fund, which is annually created among themselves, they are enabled to subscribe for all the periodical publications of the United States which are valuable, and also some of those most celebrated in England, to procure which, they assemble every fortnight, and, in order to make the convention subservient to more than one useful purpose, at every meeting two of their members read each an essay on either a scientific, moral, or literary subject. To such an institution the friends of learning must wish success. It does not appear to be built of those flimsy materials which will wear out in a day; but having for its object the promotion of knowledge among its members, as well as the extention of patronage toward American papers, it has a fair claim to long existence, creditable and honourable to its founders.

S.

August, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON, of New Orleans, has offered proposals for publishing "*The Body of the Civil Law*," which he means to translate *in ten volumes octavo, at ten dollars a volume.*

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During the late session of congress, the senate of the United States passed a resolution directing the secretary of the treasury to procure information touching the general progress of *canals* and *turnpikes*, and the improvement of the *navigation of rivers* throughout the union: and to report the result to the ensuing session. In compliance with this order, the secretary has recently invited the numerous corporations of the state of Pennsylvania, through the medium of an officer of the government, to collect facts and observations relative to these highly interesting subjects.

The citizens of this commonwealth remember how much zeal was displayed, last winter, at Lancaster, to stimulate such undertakings, by showing the expediency of them, and the ability of the state to grant pecuniary aid; but without effect. It must therefore be pleasing to every patriotic mind to know that the *general government* is disposed to show its patronage. To render this the more certain, therefore, it becomes the duty of those persons who are possessed of any useful information of the kind to communicate it.

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We have pleasure in stating, from actual knowledge, that there has lately been erected, within the boundaries of Philadelphia, a factory, which contains two looms for the purpose of making cloth of a strong quality, between sail duck and Russia sheeting. In the largest of these is made cloth seven yards wide, and, such is the superiority of its machinery, that one man alone is able to make from thirty-five to forty-two square yards per day, without more exertion than at common weaving. The first piece, containing near four hundred yards, was finished and cut from the loom about four weeks since. The proprietor is in possession of a mode of applying a rotatory motion to looms of the useful kind. In the present instance, however, that operation is unnecessary. In Europe, so far as our information is correct, two men at least are employed in the making of cloth of this width, who together seldom produce more than eighteen yards per day.

The lesser loom weaves, in a similar manner, cloth three yards wide of the same texture, which can be, and often is worked by a boy of twelve years; the tramp of this loom does not require eight ounces.

The object of the factory is that of making the patent floor cloths or summer carpets, similar with those of Hare's patent, heretofore always imported, for the perfection of which it is best that there should be no seam; it is, therefore, necessary to weave of this extraordinary width.

Connected with this busines is that of renovating woollen carpets or baizes, which are otherwise of little use; they can be done at a small expence; they are coated on one side, leaving the wool on the other untouched, and giving the advantage of a summer and winter carpet: they are neat and durable.

—

Mr. Robert Fulton, the ingenious inventor of the machines called torpedoes, some account of which was given in our last number, has likewise constructed a steam boat, calculated to sail both against wind and tide. The following letter to Mr. Barlow, containing an account of its first voyage, will be gratifying to every friend to the commerce and agriculture of this country.

TO JOEL BARLOW, PHILADELPHIA.

New York, Aug. 22, 1807.

My dear Friend.

My steam boat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favourable than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is 150 miles; I ran it up in 32 hours, and down in 30 hours. The latter is just five miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails; and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor.

The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there was not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility. And while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks: this is the way, you know, in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

Having employed much time and money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it so fully answer my expectations. It will give a quick and cheap conveyance to merchandize on the Missisippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprize of our countrymen. And although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting with you on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention.

However, I will not admit that it is half so important as the torpedo system of defence and attack; for out of this will grow the liberty of the seas; an object of infinite importance to the welfare of America, and every civilized country. But thousands of witnesses have now seen the steam boat in rapid movement, and they believe: they have not seen a ship of war destroyed by a torpedo, and they do not believe. We cannot expect people in general will have a knowledge of physics, or power of mind sufficient to combine ideas, and reason from causes to effects. But in case we have war, and the enemy's ships come into our waters, if the government will give me reasonable means of action, I will soon convince the world that we have surer and cheaper modes of defence than they are aware of.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT FULTON.

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There is now growing in the garden of Joseph Cooper, Esq., of New Jersey, opposite to the city of Philadelphia, a grape-vine that covers

an area equal to *two thousand one hundred and seventy square feet*, and is now so loaded with fruit, that it is estimated to contain not less than *forty bushels* of grapes; and it probably contains a much greater quantity. From this *one vine* Mr. Cooper, last fall, made *a barrel of wine*; and, this fall, may make a much larger quantity. This wine was made without any addition of sugar; and the writer of this paragraph, who was bred in the Madeira wine-trade, and has tasted this wine, feels no hesitation in saying, that it is superior to Madeira wine of the same age; whether it will improve by age, in like manner with Madeira wine, remains to be shown by experiment. The grape from which it was made, is a *native grape* of the neighbourhood, and appears to be a species of the common chicken grape; which, like that, and most of our late grapes, is distinguished from the European and Asiatic grapes hitherto imported into America (and known among us under the name of English grapes) by a very important circumstance, viz.: a slight frost destroys the foreign grape, and discomposes its juice; while the same degree of frost, and even a much greater degree of it, concentrates and enriches the juice of the native grape. This circumstance affords strong ground to presume, that the wine from it improves by time, even more than that of the Madeira grape. There is, also, a further important advantage on the side of our native grape, viz.: the fruit may be permitted to remain on the vine so late in the season, as that the fermentation will not be affected by too great a heat. The facts here stated are not like the distant wonders related by travellers, that are too far off to be examined: for this vine stands within four hundred yards of Cooper's ferry, opposite to Philadelphia, and may be seen for the trifling expence of ferriage across the river. They will also learn what may greatly surprise a foreign vigneron, that, under the shade of this vine, there has, this season, been cut a full crop of grass!

These facts ought not to discourage the raising of foreign grapes; for it is now well known, that various kinds of the foreign vines will stand over winters, and produce fruit in abundance.

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The following easy method of taking honey without destroying the bees was communicated to the editor of the Cornwall Gazette, by a respectable French priest, who asserts that it is the mode generally adopted throughout France: in the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, approach the hive, and turn it gently over; having steadily placed it in a small pit previously dug to receive it, with its bottom uppermost, cover it with a clean new hive, which has been previously prepared, with two small sticks stuck across its middle, and rubbed with aromatic herbs. Having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other, so that no aperture remains between them, take a small stick and beat gently round the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive, and ascend and adhere to the upper one. Then gently lift the new hive, with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from whence the other hive was taken. This should be done some time in the week preceding midsummer day, that the bees may have time, before the summer flowers are faded, to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do, for their subsistence through the winter. As many as have the humanity and good-sense to adopt that practice will find their reward in the increase of their stock and their valuable produce.

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The bee is well known to be an irritable, vindictive creature; but whether envy or jealousy constitute a part of her character, or whether

she bear any antipathy to the butterfly, I cannot tell. Rivalship, however, being, in most other cases, sufficient ground for jealousy and hostility, and the bee and the butterfly resorting to the same flowers for food, it may be well worth the agriculturalist's while to observe whether the bee ever attack the butterfly; whether butterflies be so numerous in gardens where swarms of bees are kept, as in those where there are none, and whether dead butterflies (bearing no marks of violence from spiders) be found in gardens where stray bees resort.

If, upon examination, it should appear that the bees kill or drive away the butterflies, then the farmers and gardeners may soon extirpate the whole race of caterpillars, by only keeping on foot (or rather *on wing*) a standing army of bees, to protect their grounds; a standing army which will yield an increase of revenue to their employer.

Should this idea ever be realized, and the whole country be covered with swarms of bees, the quantities of honey thus produced will be inconceivable; and then truly may we be said to live in a land "flowing with milk and honey."

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Smearing of sheep.—Immediately after the sheep are shorn, soak the roots of the wool that remains all over with oil, or butter, and brimstone; and 3 or 4 days afterward wash them with salt and water; the wool of next season will not only be much finer and softer, but the quantity will be in greater abundance. The sheep will not be troubled with the scab or vermin that year. Tar-water is a safe remedy against maggots.

—

A specimen of wool from a native sheep, brought from Smith's Island to Arlington*, was forwarded by Mr. Custis to Dr. Mease, and exhibited by him at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, on the 11th of August. It unites the fineness of the Spanish Merinos with nearly the length of the English combing wool, and exhibits, beyond contradiction, the congeniality of our climate with the perfection of that valuable staple of manufacture.

The exertions which Mr. Custis is making to improve the quality of American wool, are highly meritorious, and rank him, with colonel Humphreys, among the true patriots of our country.

* The farm of G. W. P. Custis, near Alexandria.

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JERSEY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Summer, 1807.

Hay.—Large crops, exceeding those of any late year. Some of it damaged, a great deal well got in. Bottom and low meadows escaped floods with less injury than common.

Harvests. Wheat.—More abundant and better than any former year since the revolution. With daily showers and hot suns in harvest-time, somewhat grown in places.

Rye.—Plentiful and well secured, some few crops excepted.

Oats.—Unusually abundant and good. More sown than usual, and what was sown is better.

Flax.—Large, thick, and well seeded; the coating not yet ascertained.

Corn.—Never more promising, and seldom more planted.

Barley.—But little sown; that little generally good.

On the whole, should *Indian corn* turn out as well as it promises, a more plentiful year will never have been remembered in this state.

Fruit.—No scarcity, except of apples, of which there are very few.

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James Deneale, of Dumfries, Virginia, has obtained a patent for an oven which he has invented on entire new principles, for baking all kinds of bread. The advantages of

his plan over those hitherto used are thus stated by the proprietor: In the usual mode the oven is first heated, the fire scraped out, and the dough put in to bake when the oven is hottest, and as the bread bakes, the oven gradually cools. It will easily be conceived, that when bread is first put into an oven, it is most tender, and least capable of bearing heat; by this new plan the bread is put into the oven at the extreme end, or where the heat is least, and, as it bakes, it regularly progresses into a keener heat, until baked. Again: it is acknowledged, the thinner bread is baked the better it is, and the longer it will keep. In the usual mode of baking, the thinner the bread, the smaller the quantity the oven will bake per day: on this plan, the thinner the bread the more the oven will bake; added to this, the labour of splitting of wood is saved, the heating, cleaning, and setting an oven also. An oven on this plan, if well built, is much more durable, takes up less room to do the same business, costs much less money to build it, requires less fuel to bake the same quantity of bread, and fewer hands can do the same business. For an oven of twenty feet length, and three feet six inches width, or the privilege of using it, his price is five hundred dollars, and in proportion for a larger or smaller one.

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A seaman recommends to all masters of vessels who are bound on long voyages, to have their bread carefully packed in rum or brandy casks. Bread put up in this manner may be kept for years, equally as good as when received from the bakehouse. The casks should be perfectly air tight, and the bread well dried before packing: it is necessary in the course of the voyage to start the casks and drive the hoops. Bread has been kept for two years in this manner, in perfect order, when some of the same quality, kept in the usual way, was full of worms.

About ten years ago a lease was granted by lord Crewe of an estate in Madely, England, to Mr. Elkington, the celebrated drainer. It consisted of about five hundred acres, three hundred of which were so unsound, that a person could not even walk upon it. Half of it has been drained, and brought into a state of cultivation. The crops of turnips raised upon it, both of the common and Swedish sort, have been remarkably fine; and the land is become so firm as to admit of their being fed off by cattle. In the succeeding crops, an unusual difficulty has occurred; for though Mr. Elkington, from the extreme luxuriance of the soil, thought it expedient to sow only half the usual quantity of seed, the barley-crops have been so strong, as to be uniformly laid, the grain of course much injured, and the clover and grass-seeds destroyed. Mr. Elkington has, however, been successful in his attempts to render this land more promising by *exhausting* crops. Last year he had ten acres of hemp: the crop was great, and the grass roots such as to astonish the neighbourhood. From the same motive Mr. Elkington has reduced the soil by successive crops of oats, upon lands that have borne two previous crops of corn without manure. He obtained last year the amazing produce of 174 bushels of good oats, from five bushels and eleven quarts of seed sown broad cast. This extraordinary return has been made from land, which a few years ago was not worth one shilling per acre.

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The result of a course of experiments has been laid before the Hereford Agricultural Society, by T. A. Knight, esq., from which it appears that the *strength* of the juice of any cyder apple is in exact proportion of its *weight.* Thus the juices of the inferior apples are light when compared with the juices of the old and approved sorts. The *forest stire* outweighed every other, until it was put in competition with the new variety produced by

Mr. Knight, from the *Siberian crab*, and the Lulham pearmain; nor could any other juice be found equal in weight to the latter.

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The French excel every nation in Europe in projects. In announcing the following new canals which are projected in France, we think it proper to state that fifty of greater extent have been formed in England within the last twenty years. A grand northern canal, in two branches. The first to effect the junction of the Scheld with the Meuse from Antwerp to Venlo. The second, the junction of the Meuse with the Rhine. A canal to unite the Scheld and the Scarpe. A lateral canal, to improve the navigation of the river La Haine. A canal of the Lys to Liperlée. A canal from Charleroy to Brussels. A lateral canal to the Loire: very advantageous to the neighbouring departments for the exportation of their territorial productions and manufactures. A canal from Niort to Rochelle; on which *prisoners of war* are to be employed till they are exchanged. A canal from Nantes to Brest. The plan is to join the Loire and the Vilaine; the Vilaine with the Blavet; to be continued to Port-Launay and Brest, by the rivers Doré, Hières, and Anne.

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Cuvier has found in the gypseous hills, near Paris, fossil bones, belonging to a species of *sarigau*, now existing only in America. Several bones of an unknown animal, to which he has given the name of *palæthorium*, supposed to have been eight feet long, and five feet high, have been found in many parts of France. Fossil bones, supposed to have belonged to a small kind of hippopotamus, have been discovered near the Arno, in Italy. Teeth and bones, which, after minute observation, Cuvier assigns to the species of hyena now found at the Cape of Good Hope, have been dug up in various parts of Germany and France. A skull with many teeth, preserved in the cabinet of Stutgard, belonged also to that animal; it was found, in 1700, near Canstadt, on the east bank of the Necker. The adjacent hills contain ammonites, belemnites, reeds; and M. Autenrieth has discovered in the neighbourhood a whole prostrate forest of palm trees, two feet in diameter. There were found, also, elephants' bones, cart-loads of horses' teeth, rhinoceros' teeth, and some vertebræ, which seemed to have belonged to the cetaceous tribe. In the same country, the bones of wolves and hyenas have been discovered, mingled in confusion; also vertebræ, asserted to have belonged to a bear of enormous size. "What ages were those," exclaims Cuvier, "when the elephant and the hyena of the Cape lived together in our climates, in forests of palm-trees, and associated with northern bears larger than our horses?"

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The number of printing-offices in London are upwards of two hundred, and they employ at least five hundred presses. In Edinburgh, there were, in 1763, six printing-offices; in 1790, twenty one; in 1800, thirty; in 1805, forty. In the forty printing-offices now in Edinburgh, are employed upwards of one hundred and twenty printing-presses. In Dublin there are about forty offices, which employ ninety presses, and upwards of one hundred and forty compositors and pressmen.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Mis'ry stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish! Oh, my mother Earth!
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild;—I rave:
—Ah! who art thou, whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!

"The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a *wretch*, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By death and hell!

"I charge thee, live!—Repent, and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a *mourner?*—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O live!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a *wanderer?*—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

"Live!— and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For Friendship's gold.

" Go seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

" In woman hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

" Live!—'twas a false bewildering fire;
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms!
Blest shall thou be, supremely blest,
In Beauty's arms.

" Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrow see
The hand of God

" A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all His children feel;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

" Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

" There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground;

" The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, free'd from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

" The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE HOLY MAN.

A Portrait.

IN days when blythe my childhood ran,
I knew him well, the holy man;
Erect his form, tho' Time had shed
Some snows upon the reverend head.
Youth lent his cheek its liveliest hue,
And lighted still his eyes of blue;
Thence oft would sportive fancy peep,
With mirth that fills the furrow deep;
And oft the guileless lips between
The thought in lambent smiles was seen.
His voice such music could impart
As calms and cheers the troubled heart;
Even ere his soothing strains began,
He breath'd of peace, the holy man!
In no rude isle, no lonely wood,
His patriarchal dwelling stood,
In no wild glen; the vale was still,
Beneath the slope of shelt'ring hill;
Alone the flail was heard in air,
Or sabbath bell that chimed to prayer.
There rose his chimney, dimly seen,
Behind its lattice-work of green,
There open stood the simple door,
Haunt of the mourner and the poor,
Haunt of the happy, home of rest,
Even of the care-worn stranger blest!
Him hail'd the son, with cordial mien;
Him sooth'd the daughter's smile serene;
And him caress'd the playful boy
(Delight of all, the common joy!);
He to the grandsire's charmed ear
Oft breath'd his little lisped prayer;
And oft the hair of silv'ry hue
With wily urchin finger drew;

Then feigning fear the culprit ran,
For well he knew the holy man.

Oh! not in cheerless hermitage
Trimm'd he the glimmering lamp of age:
From him had years no power to steal
Man's dearest privilege, to feel.
Still might the lover, unreprov'd,
With rapture paint the sole belov'd;
And still the fearful maid impart
The sorrows of a conscious heart:
Such rapture once his youth had known,
Such sorrows haply were his own;
Time had but slack'd the thrilling chord,
Reponsive to the bosom's lord.
O Memory! let me long retrace
The lov'd expression of his face,
When, o'er th' historic page unroll'd,
He mus'd on days and deeds of old:
On sceptres now oblivion's prey,
And empires vanished away.
But when he breath'd the patriot's name
He kindled with the sacred flame,
And eyes that beam'd through tears confess'd
The transports of a kindred breast.
Sweet was his smile at early morn,
O'er the fair blossom newly born;
Or when at evening's pensive hour
He sought the low laburnum bower.
If look'd from heav'n the star of day,
While roll'd the silent clouds away;
If o'er his brow with balmy wing
Breath'd the sweet south, the soul of spring;
In all around, beneath, above,
He saw, he felt the power of love:
And as the mother's soul o'erflows,
On the sweet babe her arms enclose,
So look'd on Nature's genial plan,
So look'd to God, the holy man.

Thou gracious form, that from this heart,
While life remains, shall ne'er depart,
How did this prescient bosom swell,
What time I breath'd the sad farewell!
His hand with firmer grasp I prest,
Long on the threshold did I rest,
A lingering glance again I cast,
Another yet, and then the last!
Stern Death! on that dear hallow'd breast
Unfelt thy icy hand was prest;
And whilst thy swiftest arrow sped,
Still seem'd to sleep the pillow'd head.
Haply, some angel in his ear
Low whisper'd that the hour was near,
Or haply some kind vision stole
With bland enchantment o'er his soul:
His hand some stranger's seem'd to press,
His gift some sorrowing mourner bless;
For pale his lips, his cheeks though wan,
Still smiled in death the holy man!

E. B.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESSED TO A BRANCH OF THE RIVER AVON.

Ah! happy stream, that glides away
Through vales romantic, wild, and gay,
Yet scarcely rippling heard to stray,
A calm unruffled tide;

Whose placid current, deep and clear,
Reflects the pencil'd landscape near,
And murmurs on the pilgrim's ear,
Who wanders by its side;

Till lost in lowly shades unseen,
It quits the mild Arcadian scene,
And hides in tangl'd thickets green
Its many winding way.

Such is the hapless maiden's lot,
Who pensive loves, by all forgot,
To seek some lone sequester'd spot,
Or ivy'd cloister grey.

There soon the sufferer sinks to rest,
No more with earthly cares opprest,
And o'er that once-lov'd heaving breast
The quivering alders wave.

Yet Cynthia, empress of the night,
Descending oft, with dewy light,
In starry zone and circlet bright,
Shall bless the vestal's grave.

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY is the rose, whose sweets regal'd the sense,
When blooming on his mossy native tree,
Far to a stranger's breast transplanted thence,
No more an object of delight to me?

Why is the nymph, whom once, with fond desire,
I cherish'd as the darling of my heart,
An alien from whose sight I now retire,—
As shuns the wary bird the fowler's art?

She charms another with her winning grace,
With secret glance lights up his longing eye;
And blushes when she marks his smiling face,
Her looks, her smiles, her blushes tell me why!

Thus, when a child, I thought the Moon was mine,
Queen of the blue and starry realms of night!
But lo! her heav'nly beauties only shine
Enamour'd of the Sun, her god of light.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES ADDRSSED TO A FOUNTAIN.

SEQUESTER'D fountain! ever pure,
Whose placid streamlet flows,
In silent lapse, through glens obscure,
Where timid flocks repose:
Tired and disabled in the race,
I quit ambition's fruitless chace,
To shape my course by thine;
And, pleas'd, from serious trifles turn,
As thus, around thy little urn,
A votive wreath I twine.

Fair fountain! on thy margin green,
May tufted trees arise,
And spreading boughs thy bosom skreen
From summer's fervent skies;
Here may the spring her flow'rets strew,
And morning shed her pearly dew,
May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow,
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

O! may thy salutary streams,
Like those of Lethe's spring,
That bathe the silent land of dreams,
Some drops oblivious bring.
With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
The thorns of spleen remove,
Forget how there at first they grew,
And, once again, with man renew
The cordial ties of love.

For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind,
The lessons of distrust and fear,
Injurious to mankind?
Hopeless in his disastrous hour,
He sees the gath'ring tempest lour,
The bursting cloud impend,
Towards the wild west he turns his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry,
The bosom of a friend.

How chang'd since that propitious time,
When woo'd by fortune's gale,
Fearless in youth's advent'rous prime,
He crowded ev'ry sail!
The swelling tide, the sportive breeze,
Lightly along the halcyon seas
His bounding pinnace bore,
In search of happiness, the while,
He steer'd by ev'ry fragrant isle,
And touch'd at ev'ry shore.

Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye
What charms the prospect wears!
Bright as the portals of the sky
The op'ning world appears;
There every figure stands confest,
In all the sweet advantage drest
Of Candour's radiant robe,
There no mean cares admission find,
Love is the business of mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

But if those gleams fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair;
If heav'n has plac'd for gen'rous love
No soft asylum there;
If men fair faith, fair fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Int'rest's sordid shrine;
Be yours, ye gloomy sons of Woe!
That melancholy truth to know;
The dream of bliss be mine.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on Thursday evening, July 30, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. Isaac G. Hannum, printer, to miss Lydia Eyres, both of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. J. Janeway, Mr. David Lyndall, of Philadelphia, to miss Priscilla Brown, of the Northern Liberties.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. John S. Soast, to miss Elizabeth Sink, of the Northern Liberties.

On Monday evening, August 3, by the right Rev. Dr. White, Mr. John Andrews, merchant, to miss Margaret Abercrombie, daughter of the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D., one of the assistant ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's.

On Thursday evening, August 27, by the Rev. bishop White, Mr. John J. Wheeler, merchant, to miss Henrietta Maria Howell, daughter of Reading Howell, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Peter Watters, to miss Ann M'Kincy, both of Southwark.

At NEW YORK, on Wednesday, July 29, by the right Rev. bishop Moore, Peter Augustus Jay, Esq., son of governor Jay, to miss Mary Rutherford Clarkson, daughter of general Clarkson.

On Wednesday morning, August 13, at St. John's Church, by the right Rev. bishop Moore, John Okill, Esq., to miss Jay, daughter of sir James Jay, Kt., of that city.

At BALTIMORE, on Wednesday evening, August 26, by the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Mr. Jesse L. Keene, of Philadelphia, late of the United States' navy, to miss Jennet Bryden, second daughter of Mr. James Bryden, Fountain inn.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the 4th of August, of a short but painful illness, in the thirtieth year of her age, Sarah Allen, wife of Charles Allen, of Philadelphia, druggist.

On Sunday evening, August 9, of a tedious illness, which he bore with suitable fortitude, Mr. John Hurley, painter, of Philadelphia.

On Friday, August 14, after a very long and painful illness, Mrs. Maria Carrell, wife of Mr. Edward Carrell.

On Monday, August 24, the venerable Hugh M'Cullough, of Philadelphia, aged eighty-eight years and two months. It is remarkable, that, during his long life, he was scarcely ever visited with sickness or pain. He closed the scene at length after a very short illness, occasioned probably by a touch of the prevailing influenza, though a gradual decay was visible some time before to those about him.

On Sunday evening, August 30, Daniel Dupuy, sen., in the eighty-ninth year of his age, long a respectable inhabitant of Philadelphia.

On the 23d of August, at his country-seat, near Philadelphia, after a short but severe illness, Mr. Richard Hopkins, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

At ALLENTOWN, Northampton county, on the 1st of July, Thomas Mewhorter, Esq., late a representative from that county in the senate of Pennsylvania.

At GERMANTOWN, on Thursday

morning, August 20, Mrs. Elizabeth Barnhill, consort of Robert Barnhill, of Philadelphia, merchant.

On Friday, August 28, after an illness of two days, Mrs. Sarah Rodman, wife of Gilbert Rodman, Esq., of Eddington, Bensalem township, Bucks county, and second daughter of the late Richard Gibbs, Esq., of the same place.

At PROVIDENCE, R. I., on Sunday, August 16, aged fifty-nine years, Mrs. Avis Brown, the surviving partner in conjugal relation of the late Nicholas Brown, Esq.

At PORTLAND, Eunice, aged four years and three months, daughter of Mr. William S. Quincy. Her death was occasioned by her swallowing a tamarind stone, which stuck in the wind-pipe.

At ELKTON, Cecil county, Maryland, on the fourth of August, Mrs. Mary Hollingsworth, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

At ALEXANDRIA, on the 24th of August, after a lingering illness, doctor James Gillies, who has been a practising physician of great eminence in that town for several years, and for philanthropy by few excelled.

On Sunday morning, August 9, general Lewis Nicolas, a respectable veteran of 1776.

In South Carolina, on the 9th of July, Jane Eliza Dunlap, in the tenth year of her age, eldest daughter of Samuel Dunlap, Esq., of Lancasterville. By her suddenly reaching to the floor for thread, as it is supposed, and, having her needle in such a position, it penetrated into her breast, a little above her heart, leaving nearly one-third of the needle in her breast (the needle about No. 5), which destroyed her in less than one hour after she received the wound. Medical aid was immediately called, but the physician could render her no assistance.

At CHARLESTON, South Carolina, on Friday, August 7, Mr. Thomas Sikes, a native of Ireland, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He resided in that city about sixty years. This is another evidence that that climate is not so unfavourable to longevity as it has been represented. Mr. Sikes enjoyed to the end of his long life as uninterrupted a state of good health as generally falls to the lot of men in any country. He was a member of the society of friends, and much respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Drowned, near Lexington, on Friday evening, July 24, George Bickham, jun., of Philadelphia, only son of George Bickham, Esq., merchant, of that place. On Friday morning, Mr. Bickham and several of his acquaintance went on a visit to the Kentucky River. They had spent the afternoon in exploring the cliffs of the river, near the mouth of Hicman (the object of their visit), and in the evening he, with another gentleman, went in to bathe. In attempting to swim across the river, he unfortunately got into a current, which precipitated him over a fish dam a short distance below, and no efforts of his anxious friends could save him. The body, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Moore and Mr. Blythe, attended by a large number of his friends and acquaintances, was interred in Lexington. In no instance have we witnessed such universal sympathy as was excited by this lamentable occurrence.

At Sunderland, New Hampshire, July 29th, 1807, a son of Mr. John Rowe, a worthy and promising young man, aged nineteen years, in the prime of life, much respected, and universally lamented. The circumstances of his death are here faithfully stated:

Six weeks before his death, as he was returning to his lodgings late in the evening, he was attacked in the street by a mad dog. The young man defended himself with his hands as well as he could; but ununhappily, in the contest the dog wounded him in two of his fingers. He immediately entered his lodgings, washed his wounds, squeezing, rubbing, and cleansing them to the bottom in the most prudent manner he could, applying salt and vinegar or spirits. Early next morning he ad-

vised with doctor Wells of Montague; he prescribed for him, and wrote to me his mode of practice, wishing me to attend upon him: his directions were strictly attended to. The mercurial ungt. was applied, but no ptyalism succeeded, the quantity of ungt. was increased, and persisted in for about five weeks, but no salivation ensued, only his gums and mouth were a little sore, and a bad taste in his mouth; it was then concluded, that although there was no ptyalism, the mercury must have destroyed the poison, and friction was omitted. He then complained of a pain in the shoulder of the wounded side, the wounds having been perfectly healed for some time, which pains were atttributed to taking cold, making a partial rheumatism; applications were made to the pained part, the pain abated and left him; he then, two days before his death, complained of a numbness in the same arm, which increased until it was almost useless, before his death. Two days before his death the air affected him very sensibly, increasing to that degree, that he could not bear any person's approach without symptoms of great uneasiness, and even a person's breathing with his face towards him greatly affected him; taking nothing into his mouth without a kind of shiver, as if from the sense of cold air; in this manner he expressed his feelings, and thus it appeared to the bystanders; his mind was much agitated though fear of canine madness, and often spoke as if in a state of temporary derangement, but would answer correctly to any question proposed.

He could see water and swallow it as easily as more solid substances, and said the sight of water, of luminous or transparent objects were not offensive, but in his last hours his expressions were that his blood was in a foam, and his eyes felt as if they were balls of fire; the night on which he died the symptoms were like a true phrenzy. Exerting himself to the utmost, sometimes he would propose wrestling with his attendants, sometimes would warn them of their danger, for perhaps he should bite them, but after this deranged to the last; he would swallow water, and never refused. Thus ended the scene, and he died miserably.

He complained of no pain in his wounds, no swelling appeared, and they were perfectly smooth, no wandering pains except the shoulder, no unquiet troubled sleep, or frightful dreams, no convulsions or subsultus of the tendons, no trembling at the sight of liquids or pellucid things, no spasms or vomiting, no frothing at the mouth, no efforts to spit at the bystanders, or to bite them, no foaming at the mouth, or gnashing of the teeth, or inclination to do mischief.

Is or is not this the hydrophobia? let the public judge.

S. CHURCH.

In England, Elizabeth Clayton, aged sixty. This woman, from an early propensity to masculine employments, had worked as a ship-carpenter at a dock-yard upwards of forty years, and was always in man's apparel; she used to drink, chew tobacco, and keep company only with the workmen; yet she would never enter into the matrimonial state. She was a strong, robust woman, and never permitted any one to insult her with impunity. [A woman, aged about fifty, now works regularly in man's apparel, as a ship-carpenter, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is capable and industrious, and can utter an oath, or turn off her grog, with as little ceremony as any of her fellow-labourers.]

Lately, at Kingston, upon Thames, Mrs. Pierce, relict of the late unfortunate captain Pierce, commander of the Haleswell, East Indiaman, in which ship he perished with two daughters, and several other friends, in the year 1786. Perhaps modern history does not afford a more remarkable instance of what human nature can endure than is to be found in the latter part of this lady's life: accustomed to the most elegant and liberal style of life, surrounded by a numerous and engag-

ing family, united to a man who occasioned more tears at his loss, perhaps, than any private individual before or since the lamentable fate of the Haleswell: in the midst of this transient scene of bliss did she hear of the beginning of her misery, in the wreck not only of her fortune, but her friends, her children, and her husband, all, all buried in the devouring ocean. Like a true christian did she bear up with unexampled fortitude against her cruel fate, which has still continued in its most merciless form to invade her, by the loss of her two sons, the eldest in the most promising situation in India, the youngest commanding the Taunton Castle, East Indiaman, and a short time prior to this her favourite daughter died in child-bed. To complete this scene of human misery, for the last twelve months this unfortunate sufferer had been labouring under a complication of diseases, the anguish of which was in a degree diminished by the calmness she evinced in bending with pious resignation to the will of the Almighty. She has left three most amiable daughters behind her, all married, who, together with the widow of her youngest son, alleviated, by their unremitting assiduity and tenderness, the latter moments of their much lamented relative.

At Liverpool, by a fall from the maintop of his ship, William Hadley, an American seaman.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Aug. 1, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 1st of August.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Cancer,	1	0
Cachelia,	1	0
Childbed,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	8
Consumption of the lungs,	8	1
Convulsions,	1	3
Decay,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	1	2
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	3
Epilepsy,	1	0
Fever remittent or bilious,	1	0
—— puerperal,	1	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	0	1
—————— bowels,	1	1
Jaundice,	1	0
Locked jaw,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	0	4
Still-born,	0	2
Sudden,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Thrush,	0	1
Total,	24	28—52

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		19
From 2	to 5	5
5	10	2
10	20	2
20	30	3
30	40	9
40	50	1
50	60	1
60	70	2
70	80	1
80	90	0
Ages unknown		7
Total		——52

Aug. 8.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Cachexia,	0	1
Childbed,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	16
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	0	3
Diarhœa,	2	3
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Dysentery,	5	4
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever typhus,	1	0
—— puerperal,	1	0
Inflammation of the brain,	1	0
—————— of the breast,	0	1
—————— bowels,	0	1
—————— liver,	1	0
Insanity	3	0
Old age	2	0
Small-pox, natural,	1	1
Worms,	0	1
Total	23	34—57

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		28
From 2 to	5	2
5	10	3
10	15	1
15	20	3
20	30	5
30	40	3
40	50	1
50	60	3
60	70	1
70	80	2
80	90	1
Ages unknown		4
Total		57

Aug. 15.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Abscess,	0	2
Cholera morbus,	1	14
Consumption of the lungs,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dysentery,	4	4
Debility,	0	1
Fever, bilious,	1	0
Gangrene,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Hæmorrhage of the lungs,	1	0
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	3	0
Small-pox, natural,	0	1
Still-born,	0	1
Teething,	0	1
Worms,	0	2
Syphilis,	1	0
Sudden,	1	0
Unknown,	1	0
Total,	17	31—48

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		25
From 2 to	5	2
5	10	2
10	20	2
20	30	1
30	40	3
40	50	1
50	60	4
60	70	1
70	80	1
80	90	3
Ages unknown		3
Total		48

Aug. 22.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Atrophy,	0	1
Cancer,	1	1
Childbed,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	22
Cholic,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs	6	0
Convulsions,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	3
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy of the chest,	0	1
Drowned,	2	0
Dysentery,	3	1
Fever, intermittent,	0	1
——, remittent or bilious,	3	0
Hooping-cough,	0	1
Hives,	0	1
Inflammation of the brain,	0	1
Influenza,	2	0
Insanity,	1	0
Jaundice	1	0
Locked jaw,	1	0
Mortification,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Still-born,	0	4
Poisoned from grinding paint,	1	0
Total,	25	39—64

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		35
From 2 to	5	1
5	10	3
10	15	0
15	20	1
20	30	1
30	40	7
40	50	7
50	60	2
60	70	1
70	80	1
80	90	0
Ages unknown		5
Total		64

Aug. 29.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Asthma,	2	0
Atrophy,	0	2
Cholera morbus,	0	16
Consumption of the lungs,	11	0
Convulsions,	1	1
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	4
Dropsy,	0	1
Drowned,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	4
Fever,	2	1
——, bilious,	1	0
——, malignant bilious,	2	0
Gravel,	1	0
Hooping cough,	0	1
Hives,	0	2

Inflammation of the bowels,	1	0	
——————— liver,	2	0	
Influenza,	4	1	
Locked jaw,	1	0	
Mortification,	1	0	
Old age,	7	0	
Still-born,	0	2	
Worms,	0	1	
Sudden,	1	0	
Diseases unknown,	2	2	
Total,	42	39	—81

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		34
From 2	to 5	3
5	10	2
10	20	3
20	30	2
30	40	9
40	50	3
50	60	8
60	70	1
70	80	5
80	90	2
	91	1
Ages unknown		8
Total		——81

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 11th to the 18th of July, 1807.

Adults 8—Children 17—Total 25.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Casualty,	1
Consumption,	1
Convulsions,	4
Cramp in the stomach,	2
Dropsy,	2
Infantile flux,	4
Inflammation of the bowels,	1
Mortification,	1
Nervous head-ache,	1
Palsy,	1
Still-born,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	1
Vomiting and purging,	2
Worms,	1

The case of casualty was a child, aged about 2 years, who died in consequence of a scald.

From the 18th to the 25th July.

Adults 39—Children 15—Total 54.

Diseases.

Consumption,	13
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	2
Decay,	1
Drinking cold water,	1
Dropsy,	1
Drowned,	3
Hives,	1
Infantile flux,	5
Intemperance,	1
Infanticide,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Insanity,	1
Nervous fever,	2
New born infant,	1
Old age,	3
Quinsey,	1
St. Anthony's fire,	1
Sprue,	2
Still born,	2
Typhus fever,	2
Teething,	1
Ulcer,	1
Hooping cough,	1

From the 25th of July to the 1st of August.

Adults 20—Children 29—Total 49.

Diseases.

Cancer,	1
Consumption,	11
Convulsions,	8
Decay,	2
Dropsy,	2
Dropsy in the head,	1
Drowned,	1
Typhus fever,	4
Infantile flux,	5
Gravel,	1
Hives,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Minorhagie,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Sore throat,	1
Sprue,	1
Sudden death,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	1
Hooping cough,	2
Worms,	1

From the 1st to the 8th of August.

Adults 41—Children 36—Total 77.

Diseases.

Abscess,	1
Apoplexy,	2
Consumption,	10
Convulsions,	11
Debility,	1
Decay,	5
Diarrhœa,	1
Dropsy,	1

Drowned,	2
Dysentery,	2
Epilepsy,	1
Bilious fever,	1
Typhus fever,	2
Infantile flux,	16
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Influenza,	1
Insanity,	1
Liver complaint,	1
Mortification,	1
Old age,	2
Small pox,	1
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	2
Sudden death,	2
Syphilis,	2
Teething,	3
Hooping cough,	1
Worms,	1

From the 8th to the 15th of August.

Adults 45—Children 42—Total 87.

Diseases.	
Abscess,	3
Childbed,	1
Cold,	1
Consumption,	11
Convulsions,	5
Debility,	2
Decay,	3
Diarrhœa,	1
Dropsy,	3
Dropsy in the head,	1
Dysentery,	3
Bilious fever,	2
Intermittent fever,	1
Nervous fever,	2
Putrid fever,	1
Typhus fever,	6
Flux, infantile,	14
Hives,	4
Influenza,	6
Lock jaw,	1
Mortification,	1
Old age,	4
Palsy,	2
Pleurisy,	1
Still-born,	2
Suicide,	3
Teething,	3

From the 15th to the 22d of August.

Adults 44—Children 47—Total 91.

Diseases.	
Apoplexy,	1
Cancer,	1
Cholera morbus,	1
Consumption,	15
Convulsions,	5
Cramp in the stomach,	1
Debility,	2
Decay,	6
Diarrhœa,	1
Dropsy,	2
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	4
Intermittent fever,	1
Typhus fever,	4
Flux infantile,	24
Hæmorrhage,	1
Hives,	2
Inflammation of the bowels,	1
Influenza,	2
Liver complaint,	1
Old age,	2
Palsy,	1
Small-pox,	1
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	3
Sudden death,	1
Suicide by hanging,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	4

Interments in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending July 27, at sunrise.

Diseases.	
Consumption,	1
Cholera,	21
Sudden death,	1
Still-born,	1
Drowned,	1
Dropsy,	1
Meazles,	1
Hooping-cough,	1
Fits,	1

Adults 5—Children 24—Total 29.

Diseases.	*Aug.* 3.
Sudden death,	3
Drowned,	1
Childbed,	1
Cholera,	21
Meazles,	1
Old age,	2
Consumption,	3
Dropsy,	1
Fits,	2

Adults 14—Children 21—Total 35.

Diseases.	*Aug.* 10.
Meazles,	2
Cholera,	27
Worms,	2
Old age,	2
Bilious,	1
Flux,	1

Teething,	1
Debility,	6
Dropsy,	1
Unknown,	1

Adults 5—Children 39—Total 44.

Diseases.	*Aug.* 17.
Still-born,	4
Worms,	1
Cholera,	19
Fits,	3
Suicide,	1
Consumption,	9
Meazles,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Imposthume,	1
Cholic,	1
Drowned,	1
Childbed,	1
Disease unknown,	1
Quinsey,	1

Adults 15—Children 28—Total 43.

Diseases.	*Aug.* 24.
Suicide,	1
Jaundice,	1
Bilious,	1
Croup,	1
Meazles,	2
Intemperance,	1
Palsy,	1
Worms,	2
Still-born,	1
Cholera,	20
Hooping cough,	2
Bilious cholic,	1
Consumption,	2
Lingering,	2
Pleurisy,	1
Sudden death,	1
Unknown,	1

Adults 14—Children 27—Total 41.

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1807.

Eight per cent.	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	98¾
Three per cent.	64 to 64½
Bank United States	120
—— Pennsylvania	130
—— North America	132½
—— Philadelphia	122
—— Farmers' and Mechanics'	par
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	160 per cent.
—— North America	91
—— Philadelphia	153 to 155
—— Union	54 dollars for 60 paid
—— Delaware	54 do. do.
—— Phœnix	91 do. 80 paid
—— Marine and Fire	45 dollars for 60 paid
—— United States	26 dollars for 30 paid
Water Loan	102 per cent.
City Loan	103
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	93 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	75 to 76 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	80 to 81
Frankford Turnpike Shares	74 to 75
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	do.